

THE WAR CRY

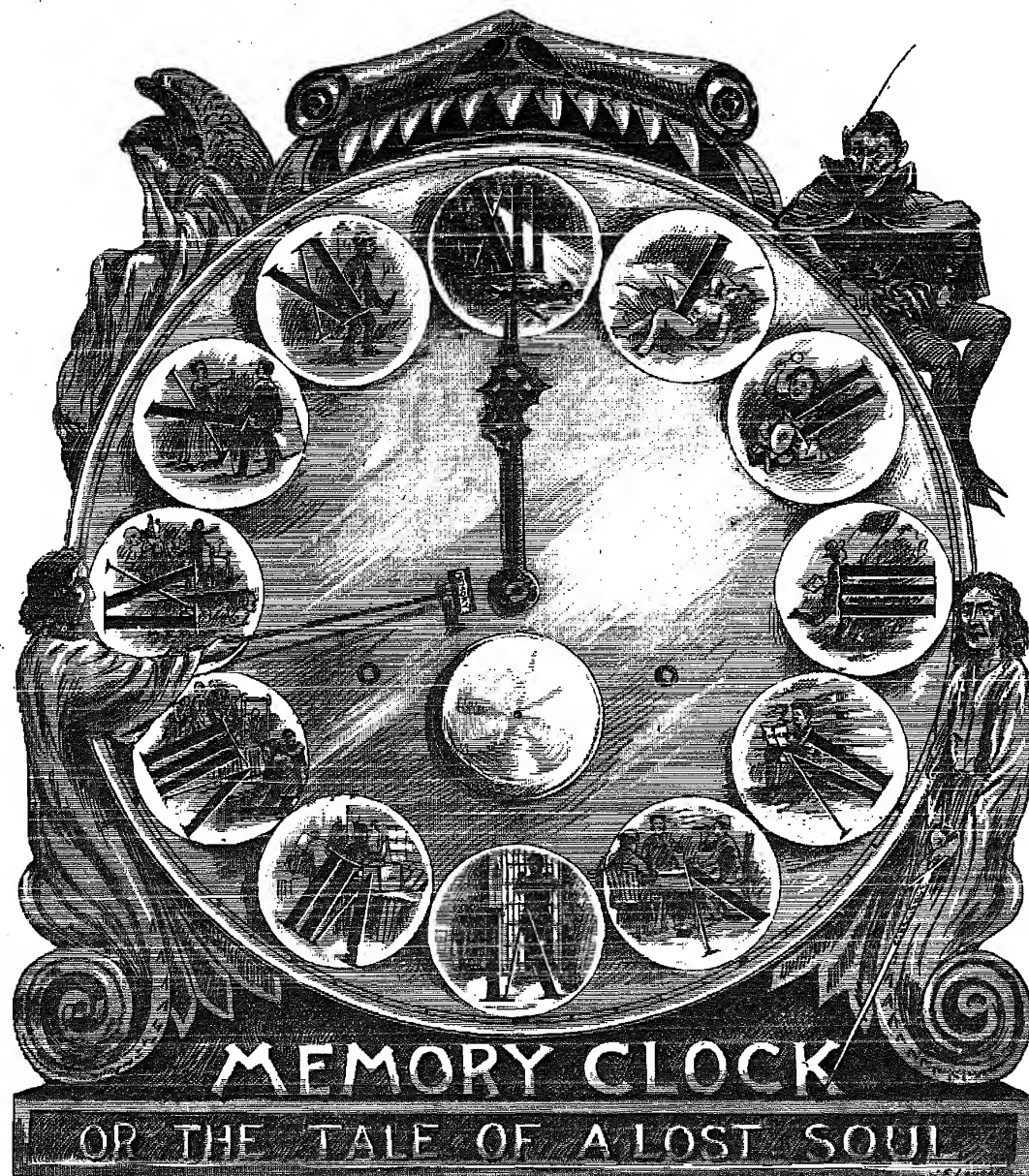
AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

Vol. IV. No. 11. [General of the R. A. Forces throughout the world.]

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THE CLOCK STRUCK TWELVE.

See article on page 3.



"Opportunity, sooner or later, comes to all who work and wish."
—Lord Stanley.

"Time 'tis a bubble; 'tis a sigh;
Be prepared, O man, to die."
—Francis Quarles.

"The drying of a single tear has more of honest fame than shedding seas of gore."
—Byron.

"No wave on the ocean of time,
When once it has floated past us, can be recalled."
—W. E. Gladstone.

"The truly generous is the truly wise;
And he who loves not others, lives unblest."
—Horace.

"Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other."
—Benjamin Franklin.

"Be still prepared for death, and death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter."
—Shakespeare.

"Good actions give strength to ourselves, and inspire good actions in others."
—Samuel Smiles.

"Leave what you've done for what you have to do;
Don't be 'consistent' but be simply true."
—O. W. Holmes.

"No idle space where I might lie
And watch the sweating world go by,
My part undone."
—C. McNamara.

"Death knocks with equal force at the towers of the rich,
And the cabins of the poor. He 'levels all ranks.'"
—Horatius Flavius.

"Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win by fearing to attempt."
—Shakespeare.

"The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be the best."
—George Elliot.

"The time of life is short; to spend that shortness basely were too long."
—Shakespeare.

"If you would have peace of mind
And joy complete,
Just do your duty, and you'll find
That life is sweet."
—M. H. Peters.

The Trail of the Serpent.

Twice as much money was spent in 1937 for liquor as for the bread necessary to feed the entire population of the British Isles.

It would have taken every farthing used in paying the rents of all the houses and farms in Great Britain to pay the drink bill of the nation for the year.

In 1937 the amount spent in liquor in Great Britain was ten times more than all the contribution to churches, chapels and religious and Philanthropic institutions combined.

According to Dr. Haugraves, of Philadelphia, there were registered during the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1938, 3,168 distilleries as operating in the U. S. A. The drink bill for the United States for the same year is estimated by him to be \$1,500,000,000.

GREAT BRITAIN'S DRINK BILL.—Mr. Dawson Burns, in his annual letter to the "Times," estimates the national drink bill for 1937 at £24,251,728, an increase of nearly three millions and a third compared with 1935. The average expenditure per head of the population, man, woman and child, was £3 16s. 5½d. That trade has a turnover equal to a fifth of the National Debt, or half as much again as the Chancellor of the Exchequer's revenue, or nearly twice the amount for bread, or equal to all the rents of all the houses and farms in the United Kingdom.

HELPS FOR J. S. WORKERS.

David and Goliath.

I Samuel xvii. 22-54.

Introduction.

WE have a most interesting story to consider to-day. Before we read let me say, The Philistines and Israelites were in battle array, army against army. Each army was on a large mountain—a valley was between them. Goliath of Gath, a giant, 9 feet 9 inches in height, had come out of the camp of the Philistines and challenged the Army of Israel to bring out a man who would meet him in battle, stating that if Goliath conquered the Israelites must become the servants of the Philistines, and vice versa if the representative of Israel won. This he repeated forty days.

David was feeding sheep when Jesse, his father, came and sent him with provisions for his three elder brothers, who were soldiers fighting against the Philistines. While in camp David heard the soldiers anxiously talking about the grave position they were in, and of the riches King Saul would bestow upon the individual who could slay Goliath, and thus deliver Israel. Goliath again appears, repeating his challenge in the night and hearing of David, whose very soul was stirred within him, and who insulted to the soldiers around him that he could slay the giant. It allowed the opportunity. This news was speedily carried to the king, who immediately sent for David, who now stands before Saul. Now read verse 22.

"Let no Man's Heart fail."

A courageous, brave, daring declaration,

OUR THRESHING FLOOR.

The Angel said:
"All places are to thee this threshing floor;
Vainly before thee stands its open door.

Here shalt thou dwell, nor even mayest thou quail;
Here stand, and swing the never-resting flail.

Here out of empty chaff thresh thou full grain
To wave triumphant under sun and rain.

Nay, out of sands of waiting see thou beat
With tireless stroke, Hope's golden-tossing wheat.

Thresh thou humiliation's bitter seed
To conquering grace sufficient for thy need;

we'll seasoned with self-confidence and faith in God. These are good qualities when turned into the right channel. Cultivate them.

Verse 33—"Thou Art Not Able."

David's appearance was much against him in Saul's eyes when compared with Goliath.

Moral.—The seemingly most unlikely is often of highest use and value. Lesson.—Never say you can't because you don't appear likely to do a thing.

Verse 35—"Slew a Lion and a Bear."

Describe the difference between David's appearance and his true credentials. The former had brought doubt in Saul's mind, amounting almost to disdain; the latter ensured Saul's confidence in David's ability. He had conquered in both previous conquests. Some boys (or girls) are making for themselves a similar reputation—they overcome everything they are called upon to combat, education, bad manners, disobedient spirits, etc. Do you?

Verse 37—"The Lord Hath Delivered Me."

David's confidence, though great in himself, was greater still in his God. 'Twas God really who gave him the victory. This David acknowledged. Many fail because they trust themselves alone in their efforts:

- (a) To get saved;
- (b) To live good lives;
- (c) To master their tempers;
- (d) To overcome temptation.

David's godly, victorious record had so completely captivated Saul that at a stroke he dared venture his kindly position and Israelish interests entirely in the hands of David. What a promotion

for David! What a task! What an honor! What an interesting spectacle! All eyes were now turned to David. Men of sterling greatness have generally been called upon in times of great need. Moses, to deliver Israel from Egypt; Joseph and Daniel, to interpret dreams; the General, to befriend, bless and save the lost and fallen. Apply.—Are you going to be a man (or woman) of sterling greatness?

Verse 38—"Cannot go with These."

David was useless with Saul's armor and weapons—did not fit him, had not proved them. He was accustomed to a shepherd's staff, scrip and sling. These were of more use to him than even the king's accoutrements. These he used. Children should not imitate the personal manners and actions of others. If you have been doing so cease. Be yourselves. Lesson.—A little that is your own is of more real value to you than much of that which really belongs to others.

Verse 45—"I Come to Thee in the Name of the Lord."

The giant had made a great swarmer, disdainful, defiant boast. This, too, in the strength of his own ability. David claimed and possessed God's strength and power, and in calm confidence announced to Goliath what would happen. He won—i.e., because the battle was the Lord's. It is better to trust in God than to put confidence in man. He meant business, and went for it in the name of God, for all he was worth. Some boys and girls are very fast to do wrong, but when it comes to being or doing good are very slow. Apply.—The King's business requires haste.

Verse 49—"Took Thence a Stone."

What an insignificant weapon of war—



Idleness is the devil's waiting-room.

One of the fruits of deceiving others is self-deception.

Prejudice makes men blind, and blind men unreasonable.

Loving deeds are the best seeds; they bear in all soils.

Charity tells a man his faults, jealousy repeats them to others.

A seared conscience is too great a price to pay even for peace.

Charity covers a multitude of sins, hypocrisy white-washes them.

The prayer, "forgive us our debts," has no reference to the collection.

Failures to the courageous are not humiliations, but spurs to fresh action.

Failures have as often made men successful, as successes have been the means of men to fall finally.

"The vain man is desirous that people shall think well of him; the conceited man is convinced that they do."

UNEQUALLY YOKED.

I.—BEFORE.

MY heart aches when I think of the women who began the work of reformation with hope, and laid it down with despair at the end of a life that made them "turn weary arms to death" with a sigh of welcome. On the table before me stands the portrait of one such woman. When she was a merry-hearted girl she fell in love with a handsome, brilliant young fellow, whose only failure was a fondness for liquor. He loved her deeply—better than anything else in the world, except drink. Nevertheless, he promised to overcome even this passion for her sake. In vain did her family plead and protest. Her only answer was "Harry cannot keep straight without someone to help him. I must marry him now. He needs me."

II.—AFTER.

TWO years after her marriage she died of a broken heart, whispering at the last to a dear friend that she "was not sorry to go, but would be thankful life was over if she were only sure her year-old baby would not be left to Harry's care."

Yet he was, in most respects, tender and considerate. The only trouble was that his devotion to her crystallized at the point at which it stood when he became her husband. The habit of intemperance grew. Suppose that, added to this great fault, had been others still more vicious. Had he been a coarse, brutal nature, would not the idea of reformation have been still more hopeless?

"BE YE NOT UNEQUALLY YOKED TOGETHER WITH UNBELIEVERS."—II Cor. vi. 14.

A CHILD'S CRY.

A few who go up in balloons say that as they rise away above the tree tops and the high mountains, and climb away up there where the clouds triek about like lamb in a blue pasture, the sound of earth die away one after the other, the hoarse call of men, the lowing of cattle, the clank of the church bells, the shriek of the mill whistle, the roar of trains, the dull bass of the great cities' mingled noises, and last, though not least, the high treble of children's voices. The child's cry is the last call on earth to reach their ears. The child's voice reaches highest in the heavens.

"I believe that God hears that call above all others, and that He lifts little children, and gives their wants His first thought, and their cry His first care. For He says of Himself, 'He shall find His flock like a shepherd. He shall gather the lambs with His arms, and carry them in His bosom.'—DeW. T.

LUCK AND LABOR.

Luck whines.

Labor whistles.

Luck relies on chance.

Labor on character.

Luck slips downward.

Labor strides upward and aspires to independence.

Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up.

Labor, with keen eye and strong will, always turns up something.

Luck lies in bed and wishes the postman would bring him news of a legacy.

Labor turns out at six, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

—Smiles.

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THE CLOCK STRUCK TWELVE,

Or, THE TALE OF A LOST SOUL.

By THE EDITOR.

"Our deeds will travel with us from afar,
And what we have been makes us what we are."
—GEOFFREY CHAUCER.



While conducting some special meetings in a certain place, I was told of the pliable condition of a certain ex-officer, who once was one of our brightest and most successful soul-winners, but now had become a disgrace to the Salvation Army and his family. Wary after a hard day of meetings, I had thrown myself upon the bed without undressing, feeling very much concerned about the ex-officer and his family. I could not get the story out of my mind.

Suddenly turning, I noticed the evening paper on the floor, and picked it up instinctively, when my eyes caught sight of the following paragraph:

"This afternoon the east-bound passenger train struck William Ward, who evidently tried to cross the track while strongly intoxicated. Only a few minutes previously he had been drinking at the bar of the Hotel, and while taking his last drink he said to somebody, who had reproached him about his former connection with the Salvation Army: 'It is none of your business if I walk straight into hell from this place.' Ten minutes after that he was a corpse. Deceased leaves a widow and four children."

Such was the intelligence recorded in the paper and told of the final chapter in a career once bright with immortal prospects.

While I was still struck painfully silent by the awful news, with all its dark suggestions, the door opened and Bill walked in dressed in an ash-colored garment. He looked shadowy and unreal, but I did not seem to be particularly alarmed until he turned his distorted face towards me. He carried a strange clock, which he placed on the table, and, pointing towards it, addressed me in a hollow voice:

"Listen; let it tell you the story of my life. Everyone creates one of these pieces by the actions of their life, and memory keeps it going without stopping. Over and over again I hear resounding its measured strokes and the record of the past is repeated without end till I would be mad, if damned spirits would be allowed the blessing of madness. But, alas, our sense of perception seems clearer than ever."

ONE O'CLOCK.

AFTER the bell struck a voice which appeared to me opposite of the figure, which struck the bell, seemed to call out:

"I RETURNED AND SAW UNDER THE SUN, THAT THE RACE IS NOT TO THE SWIFT NOR THE BATTLE TO THE STRONG, NEITHER YET BREAD TO THE WISE, NOR YET RICHES TO MEN OF UNDERSTANDING, NOR YET FAVOR TO MEN OF SKILL; BUT TIME AND CHANCE HAPPENETH TO THEM ALL."

"You see," continued Bill, "I used to think God was unjust, favoring certain people and giving us uneven chances at birth, for some have rich parents, others are born in poverty, some are brought up by Godly mothers, others have but criminal surroundings from their cradle days; some are gifted with brilliant talents, others are dull and must labor hard to earn a scant living. But that passage brings continually before my mind how mysteriously God arranges things to make up for apparent shortcomings, and how the wise are caught in their own craftiness and the simple are enlightened and made prudent by Him."

The bell struck twice.

TWO O'CLOCK.

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME, FOR SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN," again the voice called out solemnly.

"My infancy was nothing special to complain of. Father was not converted, but would pass with the crowd for honest. Mother used to go to church, and taught me my first childish pray-

er. Heaven seemed very near, and the thought of God wonderfully soothing. I remembered Jesus, especially from a picture, in which He sat surrounded by a number of children, from the infant in arms held up by its mother to receive the blessing of the Master, to the larger ones who had come, some in purple and fine linen, but more in humble garments and some in rags; some looked glad and some were sad; a few were crippled, others sick, but He had a word, a blessing, a caress for them all."

"O, how I seemed to realize that He was near to lead, and that the entrance to heaven was not far off; in fact, I might have found it very easily."

Three solemn strokes marked the passing of another hour.

THREE O'CLOCK.

THE solemn voice of the one standing with the two-edged sword beside the clock again spoke:



"... A MONSTROUS IMP FLUNG ME INTO THE MOUTH OF HELL."

"IF SINNERS ENTICE THEE CONSENT THOU NOT."

"School years had come, and I made the acquaintance of bad companions. Tricks were played, and frequently we were truants, preferring to chase butterflies rather, or to fishing or hunting than to sit in the stuffy school room. To cover our absence all manner of deception was practised, so one's produced another. Oh, the first sting of a guilty conscience! Had I but heeded its warning; how fearful I was lest I should be discovered, and how tremblingly I looked for a swift punishment. But when no judgment seemed to reach me, I grew bolder, and lying became easy for me. So sin, having conceived, promised to bring forth death."

Again the clock struck:

FOUR O'CLOCK.

THERE IS A WAY THAT SEEMETH RIGHT UNTO A MAN, BUT THE END THEREOF ARE THE WAYS OF DEATH," the stern figure pronounced.

"Our evil combine took to the purchase of cheap novels and books of robberies, pirates, bush whackers and kindred subjects. Our minds revelled in these filthy books. Smoking cigarettes bought with stolen money was our next advance toward becoming men. We had our secret meeting places in the barn of the widowed mother of one of our clique. We became rather careless with the matches, so one windy day a glowing match thrown on the straw-covered floor set fire to the barn and in a short time it was consumed by the flames, we narrowly escaping with our lives. The poor woman was nearly ruined, but we laughed it off."

Dolefully the clock struck once again:

FIVE O'CLOCK.

BEHOLD I WILL FEED THEM WITH YORWOOD AND GIVE THEM WATER OF GALL TO DRINK."

"My mother became alarmed. She entreated me and prayed for me, but I turned a deaf ear to both. My father

TRUCTION COMETH AS A WHIRLWIND: WHEN DISTRESS AND ANGUISH COMETH UPON YOU," Conscience rehearsed.

"Ha, ha, ha! What a fiend conscience is when sin starves the soul. Yes, the crash came. I gambled heavily and lost. The fever increased. I defrauded my employers by using their money, and embezzled the books to cover the loss. I was found out and sentenced to nine months' imprisonment. How I cried to God not to let me be imprisoned, and how I cursed Him because He did not prevent it. I was not sorry for my sins, but wanted to be saved from their consequences only. It was that sort of modern repentance that never brings an assurance of forgiveness nor worketh a change of heart."

"O, the bitterness of that court trial. My poor old mother fell sick when she read in the newspaper of my disgrace, and in a few weeks died of a broken heart. They buried her in the potters' field. I did not know of her death until I left the jail after a year."

"While imprisoned, through reading The War Cry, which some soldiers brought weekly, became truly sorry for my past sins, and resolved to do better."

SEVEN O'CLOCK.

The voice quoted:

LET THE WICKED FORSAKE HIS WAY AND THE UN-RIGHTEOUS MAN HIS THOUGHTS, AND LET HIM RETURN UNTO THE LORD, AND HE WILL HAVE MERCY UPON HIM, AND TO OUR GOD, FOR HE WILL ABUNDANTLY PARDON."

"Upon being released from prison, I came back to Canada and set earnestly to work to reform. I had great difficulty to find employment, but I used any work at all, determined to commence life anew. I tried hard to give up drink and succeeded at times to do without it for a month or two, but from time to time would give way and had a regular spree. The craving never left me, and I found it very hard, indeed, to make myself better. I signed the pledge repeatedly, I joined some temperance societies to get into better company, but continually the body of my sins dragged upon my efforts to rise. Still I was determined to be better, and for over a year I struggled in my own might with the monster of darkness."

EIGHT O'CLOCK.

HIM THAT COMETH UNTO ME I WILL IN NOWISE CAST OUT."

"This passage was quoted by an S. A. officer at an open-air meeting. I listened attentively, for it brought new hope to me, just as I was about to give up being good. A few days after that I came to the penitentiary, where I sought and found forgiveness from my sins, and became a zealous soldier. For several years I held a good position as well as had the respect and confidence of my employer and my officers and comrades—in fact, of all who knew me. I delighted in my open-air, was anxious to testify in the meetings, and counted it a great honor to carry the flag. This epoch of my life is the only bright one of my memory, and yet it only serves to make, by its contrast, my present conditions infinitely more black and torturous."

Nine times the hammer fell on the bell.

NINE O'CLOCK.

THEY THAT BE WISE SHALL SHINE AS THE BRIGHTNESS OF THE FIRMAMENT; AND THEY THAT TURN MANY TO RIGHT-EOUSNESS AS THE STARS FOR-EVER AND EVER."

"I was asked to become an officer, and joyfully offered myself, eager to redeem the past by some desperate work for God and souls. I was red-hot and very successful for a number of years. I married a sincere and pure girl, and we worked happily together. We were determined to live and die in the Army and to earn a starry crown. Our children should be trained so that they might also become citizens of heaven with us. Alas, the tempter came at last, and came when least expected, as an angel of light. I began to feel that my talents were not sufficiently recognized, so I asked for better appointments, which, after a while, I also received. I thought that I had worked hard enough and took it a little easier. I grumbled at inconveniences, found fault with every special effort made, and listened to the devil's whisperings that my chance had gone as well as that the palms days of the S. A. were ended. I had three children, and I found out suddenly that it was

strongly reproved me, but I resented and left home.

"Away in a large city in the U.S.A. I found a similar congenial company. Debauchery and gambling was my daily meat and drink. I soon became quite an expert at card-playing, and did not stop at cheating, if I had a chance to do it. I would think nothing of taking every advantage of robbing at the poker table an innocent visitor from the country of his money, for which he had worked for several months. Notwithstanding the fact that I earned high wages, I quickly spent it all. My father's death had placed my mother at poverty's door, but I had no money to spare for her, and often left her letters unanswered. She never asked me directly for money, but she mentioned her needs delicately."

Sharply the bell numbered another hour:

SIX O'CLOCK.

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time I should look for some better means of support. I could continue as a soldier, of course, and so help still in the work. I resigned, obtained a paying position, and became a soldier. My wife was against it all, but I insisted, and finally persuaded her. Poor soul; I had made her life a hell, but she will have heaven afterwards."

THE OULOCK.

WHEREFORE LET HIM THAT STANDETH TAKE HEED LEST HE FALL.

"After a month I slackened in my attention at the meetings. Once a week was enough. A man must take care of his health and not overwork himself. The meetings become tiresome to me. On a certain hot day I was persuaded to take a drink of beer while at dinner with other workmen. For only a moment I hesitated. After all, what harm could there be in it? I took it. You know what follows. Drink used to be my besetting sin. The first glass seemed to let loose a fiend that had been hiding somewhere in my constitution, and a burning thirst was the result. In two weeks I had become a drunkard again. Fallen from the height of a soul-winner to the depth of a drunkard, making a laughing stock of myself and the Salvation I had preached to others. So I had to leave the ranks, although it seemed a great humiliation to me at the time. Quarrels and want entered into our once happy home. So it went from bad to worse for two years."

ELVEN OULOCK.

RETURN YE BACKSIDEN CHILDREN, AND I WILL HEAL YOUR BACKSLIDINGS.

"I had three children whom I loved, although I had been a poor father to them. For their sakes, I often resolved to get saved again, but the thought was too humiliating. So I went on bad to worse. I lost my situation and had to become a common day laborer, with hardly enough wages to support a family, and yet much of it I spent in drink. My wife kept praying, although growing thin and pinched and not having sufficient decent clothing to go to any meeting. Then sickness entered our home; diphtheria laid two children low. I had no money left to buy the medicine the doctor had ordered. One died, and the other said it was God punishing me to repentance, but I laughed cruelly, and went to get the medicine for the other. The druggist refused to give me credit. I had lost my reputation. I was hunted from house to house, being refused everywhere. They all thought it was to get money for drink, until at last some old friend out of pity for the child, gave me the money. I promised God there, if the child grew better I would serve Him. He restored the child, but I went on procrastinating until the decline became too steep for return."

TWELVE OULOCK.

HE THAT IS FILTHY LET HIM BE FILTHY STILL.

"How could it all happen—how could I be so blind? I had earned a few dollars, which I promised to bring home to my wife, but, going past a saloon I could not withstand the propitings of the cursed appetite. I went in. Some old chums greeted me boisterously, and soon I had spent all my money. I sung some snatches of an Army chorus, when someone reproached me, telling me to consider at any rate what I had been."

"It is none of your business if I go straight to hell from this bar, I hotly replied. In my drunken state I stumbled out of the saloon toward my home. There was the runaway crowd. I caught my foot and fell heavily, just as I heard the whistle of an approaching train. It seemed afar off—then there was a shout—a something struck me a stinging blow—and all was dark."

"Next I remember staring with horror upon this clock. I could not flee from it. The hands would move slowly, the hours were called out like a mockery, and my whole life moved past me in shifting succession."

"Then a lurid light flared up—a pair of immense jaws opened, spouting forth choking flames, and, with a freezing yell, a monstrous imp flung me into the mouth of hell."

"Some terrible fiery thirst is burning within my shadow, crying for drink, and yet I have no body that could take material drink. Oh, what torture! What a fool I have been, selling my birthright and losing my soul!"

"At that moment a black form rushed into the room and, with outstretched bony fingers, curved like talons, grasped the shadow, which gave a horrible, sickening scream—and I awoke."



New Maternity Hospital in St. John, N.B.

The fact that there is no Maternity City Hospital in St. John, N.B., has made it difficult for years for us to provide for poor unfortunate girls who come to us in their sorrow and disgrace. Some time ago this difficulty was overcome to some extent by permitting a limited number of mothers to have medical care in the Rescue Home, but, as the Home embraces a variety of departments, namely: Children's Shelter, Casuals, and regular cases of many classes, it has been deemed expedient—no, further, absolutely necessary to the more successful furtherance of the work, and to better grapple with the needs of the many who appeal to us in that city, to have a separate building, for maternity wings. The Field Commissioner, therefore, has consented to the renting and furnishing of a new building for this purpose.

We have secured a suitable house in close proximity to the present Rescue Home at a reasonable rent, and Adjutant Jost has arrangements well in hand for the opening, which will take place in a few weeks. Captain Sharp, under Adjutant Jost's direct supervision, and, I am sure, will not only meet a felt need in the city, but its work will be endorsed by citizens of all classes.

Already physicians and others are manifesting profound interest, and a leading barrister has promised to facilitate any legal proceedings for us. We think there should be a rallying of the Army exponents and friends in New Brunswick, and a strong pressure brought to bear upon the Government with respect to Governmental recognition.

The Premier, Hon. Mr. Cameron, received me very kindly while in the east, and promised a fair consideration of the merits of our work for financial subsidy when its appeal is presented to the Legislative Committee. We are appealing in the near future for grants, as this new hospital is unique in the province, we consider we have a strong plea for its maintenance. Let our eastern friends take note and give us their continued support, sympathy, interest and prayers that the good hand of the Lord may be upon the Legislature.

New Building for Midnight Meetings in St. John, N.B.

Following our first interesting midnight meeting in a spirit of true aggression, Adjutant Jost has secured a room in which to have at regular intervals meetings for the dwellers of Sheffield street.

The exclamation of a poor girl with dishevelled hair, tossing in the breeze, and fainting men, who leaned carelessly against the corner of a street intersecting Sheffield street, some time ago, to one of our Rescue officers who urged her to give up her life of shame, should check the rising criticism upon the lips of those who complain, "You make the path of sin too smooth!" "Oh!" she sneered, as she drew a whiff of curling smoke and twisted her cigarette between her fingers, "it's too late now; you might have helped me once, but it's no good talking now. When my baby was born none cared—they let it die. Then I DID NOT CARE—and it's no good talking to me," and she tossed her head and laughed, as only those can laugh who have quaffed to its dregs the bitter cup of blighted hopes, outraged confidence and affection, and turned from the darkness of disappointment to drown all thought in another bowl of strong drink.

But our officers are going on "talking" and visiting, and some of them are ready to turn aside from their unhappy lives.

Brigadier Pugmire has kindly offered, as he has opportunity, to personally lead meetings at Sheffield street from time to time.

Several missives have come from the east since my tour, as an aftermath of encouragement. Adjutant Jost has been busy with collecting for furniture and other arrangements for the new hospital, and, while she carries a very heavy financial burden at present, her letters are full of hope and appreciation.

tion of the interest of the friends almost everywhere manifested in the project.

Halifax, the Seaside City.

Ensign Beckstead, too, has a similar work in Halifax to St. John Home. The way is not open there yet for a separate hospital, but who knows what future days may bring. After that wonderful meeting in Albemarle street and the respectful hearing given, and attention paid, I believe many poor girls will come from that district also to our haven of refuge. We are to have regular meetings as soon as it can be arranged.

From Our Island of the Sea.

Ensign Tovell writes in good spirits. She says: "I have been very busy since you left, but am hoping I shall soon be able to send you in a good list of old and new friends. There have been quite a few in to see the home, and I believe the people are really interested."

The West.

Adjutant Langtry writes from Spokane of victories achieved. She tells of ten girls being in the Home, and of the wonderful power of God as evidenced in the answer to her prayers by the remarkable transformation in some of the girls.

Adjutant Walton expressed for future victories though at present the fight is difficult.

Ottawa.

Adjutant McDonald has gotten well of the work of Ottawa. Capt. Hall has farwelled. Comes to the Children's Home, Toronto.

Centralets.

Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin did the Army exponents and friends at Legat street on Sunday last, and had a splendid time. Things are looking very nicely in this part of the field.

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Hargrave spent the week-end at Barrie, and had a very satisfactory time. Here we have one of the nicest little buildings in the Dominion, and, as appearances, things are going to move in the right direction.

Two Officers' Councils have been held in Toronto, conducted by the Brigadier and staff at which nearly all the officers of the Southern Section were present, and a part of the Northern. Everybody was in good spirits, and doubtless ever this is printed, many of the resolutions expressed will have been carried out, and the Harvest Festival Target smashed to smithereens.

A huge open-air demonstration, at which all the officers present assisted, was held at the corner of Richmond and Yonge streets. The inside meeting in the Jubilee was splendid, and characterized by a spirit of freedom and happiness that shone through. All the city corps were present. Several officers had a turn, including the famous Capt. Brant, who can always be reckoned upon to create a "good feeling." Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin launched out, and when the Brigadier had reached the point in his remarks that caused his coat to become a burden, and necessitated its removal, everybody saw he meant business. Mrs. Hargrave sang a solo, and the Staff-Captain piloted the prayer-meeting, in which three souls came out for salvation, two of whom were volunteers.

The Brigadier and Staff-Captain were on the ground on Thursday night, and were delighted with the number of soldiers who turned out for the open-air meeting, and the number of people who turned in for the indoor meeting. A good time, and everybody cheered up and blessed.

Ensign Jones and wife have gone to Bowmanville. The first meeting resulted in two souls being saved.

Ensign and Mrs. Fox are at St. Catharines, and write us in a very cheerful strain. Mrs. Fox and the baby have been very sick, but are now improving.

Ensign and Mrs. Savage have had both the children down with whooping cough, but there are signs of improvement. They are now at Fenelon Falls.

Capt. and Mrs. Williams hold the fort at Newmarket. Capt. Howcroft has gone to Parry Sound.

Cadets—Howcroft, Huskinson and Craig have been appointed to Parry Sound, Chesley and St. Catharines respectively as lieutenants.

Capt. Dodge, of the Toronto Lifeboat, has gone to the Ambitious City and takes charge of the Shelter there, while Ensign Collier has been transferred East.

Several promise candidates have recently sent in their application for the work, but we want more.

There are rumors of a Hallelujah Wedding at Legat street in the near future. Who are the interested parties? Then there are whisperings of still another at the same place a little later on. Big times expected.

Watch this column for all the interesting events of the Central.

ROB ROY.

THE TERRITORIAL SECRETARY IN THE EAST.

Transformation Between—Marvellous Outpourings. Winding up Tour with Fifty-eight for London and Parity.

After a few days at the Provincial Office, I joined the Territorial Secretary again at Windsor. Here we had a remarkable time in the old gas house, prefaced by a wonderful open-air meeting. We had a little string of soldiers in line of march, and on the way to the barracks the T.S. and P.O. were marched shoulder high by a few stalwart soldiers.

The place was nicely filled, and the Brigadier pitched in with all his might, God helping him. At the close of the meeting we had a little soldiers' meeting. Both the T.S. and P.O. had a word with regard to Windsor's future. "The next day found us on our way to Halifax, where our first engagement was at Yarmouth. Although it was wet, yet we had a splendid crowd. We were reinforced by the D.O. and Halifax I. band, which was a good sight. Here we had a remarkable meeting, the people stayed until the end of the prayer meeting, and five men and women came to God for pardon of their sins."

The next day's programme was a full one—in the morning inspection of books and in the afternoon an Officers' Council, attended by the field and social officers of the city. We believe this meeting came as a help to the officers. At night in New Brunswick we had a half-night of prayer, largely attended. God came down in marvellous power, and, before the close, we saw

Twelve Men and Women Kneeling

in contrition at the Throne of Grace. Hallelujah!

On Saturday the T.S. inspected the Shelter and Rescue Home, and, I think, was pleased with both. At night we were at Halifax II, assisted by the D.O. and Halifax I. band. There was a large crowd, and the meeting was lovely for freedom and power. God bless the brave warriors of No. II.

Sunday was spent at No. I. We had a good day. In the afternoon the T.S. dedicated to God and the Army Adj. McGilivray's little son. After a hard day's fighting, we wound up with seven men and women for pardon and the blessing.

Truro—Although we had not a tremendous crowd inside, yet there was a lovely feeling. We were glad to notice some new faces, or, at least, old faces returned. God bless them. One or two were especially delighted to see the T.S., having known him in the days of yore.

The winding-up of the tour took place at New Glasgow. Tuesday night there was a public meeting, which was nicely attended. On Wednesday we had a pretty programme. In the morning inspection of books, afternoon Officers' Council, which was a lovely thing. The officers got refreshed, helped and blessed. We wound up the campaign with a half-night of prayer, largely attended. God, the Holy Ghost, helped the T.S. He spoke in the Spirit, gave him utterance, and thundered the truth of God with pathos and power. Six yielded to the claims of Jehovah and laid themselves at his feet.

The Territorial Secretary's tour through the province was mightily blessed by God, and has done a great deal of good. Come again, Brigadier, we will be glad to see you.

We parted company at New Glasgow, the T.S. going to Newfoundland, further victories await him, and the P.O. to Provincial Headquarters.

Yours in the Blood-and-Fire,
J. S. PUGMIRE,
Provincial Officer.

Echoes on Tour



OMING to the East has been a blessing to me. The first portion of my Eastern tour is over. Not a single hitch, not a break-down has occurred—scarcely a delay.

Br I G. Pugmire of the Central Canadian Division is kindly reporting the meetings, which God has richly crowned with blessings and has given us 58 seekers for mercy at His dear feet. Only a few "echoes" or incidents remain for me to record. These will of necessity be brief.

Though strawberries for tea have lasted all the way from Toronto to New Glasgow, where I think we had the most beautiful of all, no grass has grown under our feet. In the 1300 miles have been travelled; 30 inside and 21 open-air meetings and 3 Officers' Councils have been held; 10 Salvation Army buildings and 26 sets of corps and other booths, composed of from 12 books per set, have been carefully inspected.

Brigadier Pugmire, though considerably improved in health the last two weeks, is still suffering much through an over-taxed nervous system, and at his Commissioner's request, is reluctantly going on a few weeks' well-earned rest. He has been the recipient of kindly consideration to the T.S. God bless him.

Major Collier thrives on hard work, which he tackles with more vim than ever. Power to his elbow. But for the willing assistance of his able hand, and that of the worthy P.O., the T.S. might have had to deliver more frequently and deeply into the early morning hours in order to get through.

Not the T.S. did not feed the fishes going over the Bay of Fundy this time. He is not quite so generously disposed to them as he used to be.

"A little child shall lead them!" It was so at Fredericton. The little boy broke down, and, sobbing as he went, fell at the mercy seat to sue for the pardon of the sins. The sight of him kneeling and the sound of his sobs, together with the influence of believing prayer and loving exhortation, was the blessing of God, too much for the father, who quickly knelt by the side of his son. This had an irresistible effect upon the mother, who speedily stoled to the other side of the dear little "leader."

The sister's decision to brave it out was soon shattered, and she followed suit. The other sister had been saved in the afternoon, and she felt like joining them. Thus it happened that five of one family all stood in a row to sing the Doxology in gratitude to God for saving their souls. I could do no other than help them.

"It was in the open air that my heart got pierced," exclaimed one of the converts at Fredericton, when giving his testimony. "Thank God for the privilege of preaching the Cross in the open air. Do you me it?"

Brother Bowles fills rather a strange duplicate position. He is Sergeant-Major of the Digby corps of the Salvation Army and is policeman of the village. He testified that the same grace of God which enabled him to shine in the discharge of those duties relating to former post, has never yet failed him in satisfactorily performing the latter. He has never had a spill in his history as policeman. God keep him always.

The St. John, N.B., Rescue Home is the essence of cleanliness and good order. Halifax is a close associate in those respects. Adjutant Jost and Ensign Beckstead and the matrons in charge.

Oh! how God blessed us in those Officers' Councils—especially at St. John and New Glasgow. We sang, prayed, wept and rejoiced together. The machinery will run all the better for thus stopping to "oil up."

"Uncle Ben," dear fellow, of St. John N.B., brought down the house in the half night of prayer. His cup was so full he could scarcely express himself. It ran over countless when he exclaimed, "God keep me all day through de week and six days on Sunday."

There are some "kind hearts" "down East" who still delight to do anything and everything in their power to make transient Army Officers comfortable and at home. Among them are the Canvassers at Fredericton, the inhabitants of the "White House," St. John; the Princes, of Bean River; the Burnhams and Dickens, at Digby; the Ger-

mans, at Yarmouth; the McKays, at Annapolis, Royal, and what shall I say of the dear comrades officers at other places visited? God bless them all, whose kindness cannot be recalled.

Ensign Miller, of the Halifax Shelter, has done two good things: The front of the building is newly and neatly painted, and (2) he has succeeded in getting the institution exempt from taxes. A cheer for him, and success to his efforts in pulling down the scales to make work. More than that, he is going in to save men.

"Auntie," of New Glasgow, declares she has a distinct call from God to keep the barracks clean. She does it finely, too! She blessed my soul when she announced how she got the victory over the devil, and how she delighted to do the meanest thing for Jesus. I couldn't help praying that the dear Lord would speak to a few others in the same way as he has to Auntie.

The East is going forward, and I believe you may expect to see it take a few more leaps and bounds in the same direction. J. E. M.

Order More.

ST. CATHARINES.—Ensign Savage fagged last week. Ensign Fox has taken charge. The Ensign is a hustler on War Cry. Saturday he sold 55 copies. "Fire a volley," "Hallelujah," "Not a cry," "The Lord's Prayer," and a profit of 67 cents. That makes the Pub. S.-M. smile. Good meetings all day Saturday night a rouser. Sunday afternoon a happy time. Soldiers setting worked up.—J. B. Beall, S.-M.



"MOVE ON."

By MAJOR GRAHAM.

"BUT UNTO YOU THAT FEAR MY NAME SHALL THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS ARISE WITH HEALING IN HIS WINGS, AND YE SHALL GO FORTH AND GROW UP AS CALVES OF THE STALL."—Malachi iv. 2.

HERE'S a people, a condition, a promise, and a consequence. "Unto you that fear My name," and who are they? Why the people who are saved and serving God. Now be careful to note this fact, as it is the pivot on which our argument turns. The people addressed are evidently God's children already, and the blessing promised is subsequent to them becoming God's children. These people "feared the Lord." A son, honoreth his father, and a servant his master. If then, I be a Father, where is mine honor? If I be a Master where is my fear? The man that feared the Lord spoke often one to another and the Lord barked, etc., and a book

of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon His name. "Therefore unto these people already within the fold of God, a richer and more glorious manifestation of Himself would be given. "The Sun of Righteousness shall arise with healing in His wings."

Why Healing?

Evidently because there was the necessity for it. The wounds already made by transgression were not thoroughly mended yet, or the disease of sin might still be working insidiously in the form of pride, self-will, jealousy, envy, or in some such way, and to complete the twofold work of grace it is necessary to look to Him "who forgiveth all mine iniquities, who healeth all my diseases," or, in other words, to expose our inmost being to the direct rays of the Sun of Righteousness, then healing will follow. Doctors know right well the healing power of our natural sun, and when the patient is well enough to get up and walk out into the sun's stronger influence in order to hasten the cure. We scarcely recognise the healthy influence of the sun's rays, but the nursery man knows that his most delicate plants must get some portion of the light and heat of the sun, and even in these hot climates where the "bush house" is much in use the sun's influence is not shut out, but only modified. To shut out the sun would mean certain death. Even a total eclipse of the sun

Causes the Utmost Consternation

among animals, birds and fishes, ychly many of the weaker sort die from error, and even man becomes charged with a sense of horror. How forcible, therefore, is the idea of Jesus Christ arising upon us as the Sun of Righteousness with healing in His wings.

But the natural sun also imparts light and heat and color, and in this sense we profit by admitting the Sun of Righteousness into our inmost souls, for He imparts light, Himself being the "Light of the World." He imparts heat, which means life and vigor, for He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and He imparts

Color of the Most Transcendent Beauty

to the lives of those with whom He dwells. "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us."

Then the consequence of this healing and enlightening and strengthening is "ye shall go forth and grow up." Not only will there be forward movement, but it will also be upward. The two tendencies are necessary to real progress and development. If we only went forward and did not grow upward we should always be dwarfish and exciting the pity of all who saw us. If we only grew upward and never went forward our condition would be pitiful, and almost stagnant, but the Spirit makes no mistake and our spiritual manhood will be

Beautiful, Symmetrical and Vigorous.

If only we put ourselves in the right position before God.

The appeal, therefore, comes to the saved people whose sins are forgiven, and whose transgressions are blotted out. In your inmost soul-life laid bare to the full light and power of Divine healing? or, is there a wound that sin has made, or a secret sore somewhere within your heart and mind that robs you of perfect soul health, and makes you feel sick at heart sometimes, filling you with wonderings and questionings and doubts as to your standing, your calling and your usefulness? Throw open your heart fully before God, and the sun will shine right in dispelling all darkness and doubt, and filling you with confidence and strength. Then rising up to obey you shall "go forth and grow up," because it is the natural outcome of good soul-health.

There is a certain cause for the dwarfish lives of some Christians, and it is found in their unwillingness to "go forth." God speaks, but they stand still. Then He withholds further light until they already given is obeyed. The sense of God's displeasure comes into the soul, then unrest of soul, weakness and defeat, and then a continual struggle maintain the form of godliness, or

Open Backsliding.

But to the obedient soul God's voice needs only to be heard to be obeyed. "Go forward," is no sooner said than the march, even to the Red Sea, is begun, and the difficulties, formidable as they appear, begin to vanish, and the pathway becomes plain. Ours is not a question of beatitude, but "move on." Victory depends on it, the confidence of your fellow-comrades depends upon it, the salvation of the human race depends on it, and the Captain of your salvation can only be honored as you "go forward."

Once a Buddhist, now a Staff-Captain in the Salvation Army.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

YES, the great and Almighty Jehovah has delivered me from the horrible darkness of Hinduism and its superstitions to the glorious and marvellous light of Christianity. How wonderful is the power of God! How wonderful is the Providence of God! How far-seeing is the wisdom of God! Such a powerful and all-wise God met my poor soul while I was grovelling in the mire of sin, and groping in its hellish darkness.

I was born and bred in Hindustan and taught to worship the false gods and observe mere ceremonies of the religion, which is a form of godliness, but denies the power thereof. Even in my very young days I longed to be religious, and become one of the devotees. I must say, for a short season, I had a great longing to become wealthy and clever in this world, but as the days went on, I began to dislike the world with all its allurements, save up my studies, of which Indians are awfully fond, and went on a pilgrimage. The lad who went with me, however, was rather younger than myself and afraid to go about in the jungles, etc.; so it lasted only for a couple of days.

Son after that, the wonderful Army (God bless the Army) came with its peculiar dress and music, and with still more wonderful preaching, because it wasn't a mere theoretical and learnt-by-heart sermon, but a simple, practical every-day testimony. At the first sight, I thought, these are a set of Christians which merely preach for anything they can get out of it, the same as other societies. So, having these foolish but ignorant notions in my head, I continued in the same way as other young men in the matter of arguing, etc. Hindus are noted for their arguments; sometimes they go to silly extremes. Bless God, the Lord soon opened my eyes and made me to see my own foolishness of sticking to a religion which didn't profit my soul. I went privately to the Army quarters and spoke to Captain Snow. Major Gnana Prakashani, who made me understand all about salvation. But oh! to get converted before everybody was doing which I couldn't think. The captain told me very plainly that I must become out and out and got converted. No Nicodemus business. So

I was sorely tempted; didn't know which side to turn, whether to accept Christ or not. Thank God, Christ triumphed. One blessed Sunday night, when the meeting was going on with the proper Army swing, I was present amongst the rest of the people, when I made up my mind to get saved that night. So soon as the invitation was given, I stood up, but the devil made me look behind and see my friends and hear who were gazing at me. It was the mercy of the Lord that I didn't become a pillar of salt like poor old Lot's wife. The third time, after a great struggle with the powers of hell and darkness, I went forward and accepted Christ as my own personal Saviour. Oh, what joy came flooding into my soul, and realization of God's forgiveness like the sunshine breaking through the cloudy sky.

After a certain amount of persecution from my own loved ones, who are still under the sway of heathenism, I entered in November, 1887, into the ranks of our beloved Army as one of God Almighty's aggressive warriors. Since then many have been the temptations and trials. I have had the joy of being imprisoned for my Saviour's sake, but, thank God, many have been the blessings to my own soul, and, I believe, to others, through me in my various appointments. I never could forget the glorious times of blessings I experienced when I went with dear Col. Musa Bhal to Australia and New Zealand, as well as during my visit to England in connection with that great and ever-memorable exhibition.

I love my Christ more passionately to-day than I did about nine years ago when I first knelt down at the mercy-seat. I delight in the warfare of our blessed Army more to-day than I did when I first joined its ranks. My only ambition is that God, who has been pleased to pick out my people, to save my soul and to help me in the great war, should make me a more successful and useful Salvationist than I have been hitherto.

Dear reader, are you still unsaved? Oh, get converted without any delay. Are you saved? Then come and fight for Him. Are you already engaged in the warfare? If so, take courage and go forward. Pray for my poor country. God bless you.

the affairs of the territory, but also to keep them in touch with the Salvation Army's progress all round the world. We are looking forward to an increased circulation equivalent to the increased expenses of production, and have faith to believe that our weekly shall swell to the extent of several thousand. Our circulation could be doubled if every reader would make it a business to get one yearly subscriber. I think you can put it down safely that your doing so would be noticed in heaven by the time-keeping angel.

RESCUE WORK EXTENSIONS.

Another advance in the direction of going down to the needy and outcast has been taken by the Field Commissioner by the opening of a Majesty Home in St. John, N.B., and the securing of a place for midnight meetings to reach the lowest class of fallen girls. Surely this is the Christ-work, and as long as we keep before us the uplifting of the deepest dyed we may count unfailingly upon ultimate success. The need of more devoted women for this branch of our work is very pressing, and opportunities have to be allowed to pass unimproved for the want of officers. Who will volunteer for this Samaritan work?

DEATH'S VISIT.

As we are going to press a wire reaches us of the decease of Mrs. Adjt. Moore, of "Beechbridge." We offer the Adjutant our heartfelt condolence. May the loving arm of Jehovah be his strength in this great loss of his life's companion.

The funeral will be conducted by Brigadier Complin, at Lindsay.

A wire just to hand announces the death of Ensign Fox's child. May God comfort the sorrowing parents.



The General has returned from Berlin more than ever gratified with the progress of the work in Germany, which he considers the chance of the continent.

We are sorry to hear of the illness of Commissioner Rees.



The Commandant is holding a social carnival and exhibition that is announced as a starter.

The largest field change ever known in Australia has taken place, involving 41st officers.

The Queensland Government has decided to hand over the reformatory for boys to the Army.

A big social annual, conducted at Brisbane by the Commandant, netted \$1,230.

The Australian War Cry circulation has increased 10,000 copies weekly since the paper was enlarged to 16 pages.



The Commander and Consul have inaugurated their new Training Home scheme with a tremendous send-off at the Memorial Hall.

The Carnegie Hall has been secured for a big demonstration on Tuesday, October 18th.

The Consul has arranged a visit to the Pacific coast in November.

Col. Holland, after three weeks' visit to the Pacific coast, has returned to Colorado Farm Colony.

Brigadier Brengle is meeting with splendid success on his tour at the Pacific coast.

A Western corps had a mighty concert of rats that could not be drowned by anything less than the beating of the drum.

O Harvest O Hymn

1 *How we raise our grateful voices*
Chorus: Hark to God above,
While we sing of earth's rejoices.
In the Father's boundless love,
Heavenly Father, hallelujah!
Glorify God above!

2 *Rejoice in our faith with weeping*
O my soul, in the earth,
Into life and heritage, bearing.
Cometh Death by Second Birth,
Joyous rising! Joyous rearing!
Glory leaves our richest worth.

3 *Good my Comfort, heavenly preaching,*
Solace to our weary drooping!
Learn to love and glorify in teaching,
Life and death and pain from losing.
Love never with! Love never failing!
Learn to glory in the Cross!

F. Sims, Del. 1898

4 *How we raise our grateful voices*
Chorus: Hark to God above,
While we sing of earth's rejoices.
In the Father's boundless love,
Heavenly Father, hallelujah!
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5 *Rejoice in our faith with weeping*
O my soul, in the earth,
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6 *Good my Comfort, heavenly preaching,*
Solace to our weary drooping!
Learn to love and glorify in teaching,
Life and death and pain from losing.
Love never with! Love never failing!
Learn to glory in the Cross!



Congresses, many and blessed, have been held in all parts of the world, Germany included; but, both for immediate and far-reaching results, probably few can claim to out-rank the latest. Certainly, it towers head and shoulders above any previous campaign which the Fatherland has witnessed.

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

A Sixteen-Page War Cry.

It is coming, surely coming! It has been a long time on the way, but it will come before many weeks. With an increase in pages, we want an increased circulation, and it will be made worth while to push the sales, too.

Watch for full particulars in next week's War Cry.

OUR HARVEST HYMN.

Brother Sims deserves much credit for the above drawing, as well as the composition of the music and words of the Harvest Hymn. Both are good. Officers who not read music can sing the tune of "Stella."

A word of explanation of the hymn may be welcome to our readers. Behind the cross in the centre of the drawing is a rainbow, figurative of promise; as long as the earth remains its seed time and harvest shall cease. The Sun of righteousness, the wings of healing are pictured in the rainbow. The top border is a symbolical of the fall (apple), and the resurrection (the lotus springing from the flower of the Eastern spring). Figures of the sower implies sowing tears, and the little vignette, reaping with joy.



Major Rolfe, who is in charge of the work in Jamaica, has been promoted to the rank of Brigadier, after 21 years' service.

A week's Salvation Congress has just been concluded. A large number of officers and soldiers took part. The demonstration closed with eighteen souls won for God.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Some important extensions in the Women's Social work increase the need for more Rescue officers.

Especially are the services of two or three trained nurses needed. Any Christian or Soldier feeling God's call to thus serve Him, write to Mrs. Brigadier Head, S. A. Temple, Albert street, Toronto.

THE GENERAL

A Most Marvello

Great Hall Gorged Three
270 at the Pen



Two pages of the most interesting reading record in the English War Cry the remarkable success scored at the occasion of the General's visit to Berlin.

The General especially noted the general blood-and-fire spirit and loyal enthusiasm among his German troops. The crowds were enormous, and many failed to find admission. Colonel Lawley said that the profound attention given by the great crowds at all the meetings fully bore out Commander Booth-Tucker's saying that the Germans are the best listeners in the world.

The following preface of the report is characteristic of the series of these meetings:

If the Salvation Army required a fresh subject for special thanksgiving and the strengthening of its faith in its own great mission, it may be found in the remarkably successful Congress which the General conducted last week in the beautiful city of Berlin.

The General entered the great Capital on Monday evening, and, within a few hours, a unique victory had been scored. Nine was the number in the triumph tide, which rose higher and higher right up to the finish on Thursday night, by which time a magnificent total of 270 had visited the mercy-seat.

MONDAY.

Commissioner McKie had arranged a big annual Congress with his 300 officers, commencing on Thursday, the General not being due until Monday, to which date everybody looked as the climax of all meetings.

The Ton-Halle, accommodating 1,200 people, was secured for the reception meeting. The hall was filled quickly, and by eight the police would not permit any more to enter.

The General began his address in a genial manner, which won him the good-will of the audience right from the beginning. Brigadier Junker, as formally, translated. He said:

"I thank you for this welcome once more to your beautiful city. In coming to Germany, I feel more and more like coming home. (Laughter and 'A-l-l-e-l-u-i-a-h!') I must be of German extraction. Perhaps you will have to go a long way back, but then you will probably find that my ancestors came over to the little island yonder from Saxony or somewhere near about. (More laughter.) Anyway, I am glad to come. (Reciprocal volley from the Salvationists.) My visits are only marked by one thing—that I cannot get at you with your own language—(Laughter)—but with Brigadier Junker to help me, we have got on very well in the past, and we shall do so in this visit."

DEATH: THE FRIEND OR FIEND?

From his reply to the Commissioner's welcome address, the General glided with great skill into one of his most powerful salvation topics, choosing for his text: "It is appointed unto men once to die, and, after death, the judgment." Our reporter speaks thus of the General's remarks and its effect upon the crowds:

"We imagine, though we did not exactly see, some inward wringings and shudderings on the part of men and women, to whom death is a shelled subject—or at any rate, if not the actual event, the consequences to which it opens the door. But there is no getting away from the momentous fact with which the General had suddenly confronted them, no thing to do but to listen and ponder."

A friend or a fiend, a welcome guest or a horrible, ghastly apparition, death must inevitably knock at the door of their life.

"Some of you, very likely, smile at home as if the subject did not concern you; you will say, 'Ha, ha! it is all for those fanatics! And yet—if the dread skeleton walks into your chamber to tell you, you will cry out: 'Oh, my God! My soul! My soul!' Death makes people religious! Don't you think you ought to be ready? I think, again, common-sense, the Bible says 'Yes' to that."

THE GENERAL IN GERMANY.

A Most Marvellous Campaign.

Great Hall Gorged Three Nights in Succession—
270 at the Penitent-Form.



Two pages of the most interesting reading record in the English War Cry the remarkable success scored at the occasion of the General's visit to Berlin.

The General especially noted the general blood-and-fire spirit and loyal enthusiasm among his German troops. The crowds were enormous, and many failed to find admission. Colonel Lawley said that the profound attention given by the great crowds at all the meetings fully bore out Commander Booth-Tucker's saying that the Germans are the best listeners in the world.

The following preface of the report is characteristic of the series of these meetings:

If the Salvation Army required a fresh subject for special thanksgiving and the strengthening of its faith in its own great mission, it may be found in the remarkably successful Congress which the General conducted last week in the beautiful city of Berlin.

The General entered the great Capital on Monday evening, and, within a few hours, a unique victory had been scored. Nor was there a lull in the triumph tide, which rose higher and higher right up to the finish on Thursday night, by which time a magnificent total of 270 had visited the mercy-seat.

MONDAY.

Commissioner McKie had arranged a big annual Congress with his 300 officers, commencing on Thursday, the General not being due until Monday, to which date everybody looked as the climax of all meetings.

The Ton-Halle, accommodating 1,200 people, was secured for the reception meeting. The hall was filled quickly, and by eight the police would not permit any more to enter.

The General began his address in a genial manner, which won him the good-will of the audience right from the beginning. Brigadier Junker, as formally translated, he said:

"I thank you for this welcome once more to your beautiful city. In coming to Germany, I feel more and more like coming home. (Laughter and 'Amen!') I must be of German extraction! Perhaps you will have to go a long way back, but then you will probably find that my ancestors came over to the little island yonder from Saxony or somewhere near about. (More laughter.) Anyway, I am glad to come. (Respectful applause.) I must be of German extraction! My lists are only marred by one thing—that I cannot get at you with your own language—(Laughter)—but with Brigadier Junker to help me, we have got on very well in the past, and we shall do so on this visit."

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A friend or a fiend, a welcome guest or a horrible, ghastly apparition, death must inevitably knock at the door of their life.

"Some of you, very likely, smile at my talk; thus, you will walk away home as if the subject did not concern you; you will say, 'Ha, ha! it is all for those fanatics.' And yet—if the dread skeleton walks into your chamber to-night, you will cry out: 'Oh, my God! My soul! My soul! Death makes people religious! Don't you think you ought to be ready? I think reason, common-sense, the Bible say 'Yes' to that."

"Get your house in order," he urged. "If you have got anything to leave behind you, make your will; and, if you find that you have more than your family will need, you have a trifle to the Salvation Army. (Laughter and volley.) Don't let there be any quarrelling over your coffin. As for the affairs of eternity, settle your quarrel with God, against Whom you have sinned. Whose laws you have broken, Whose mercy you have refused, the Almighty. Then, when you are ready to die, you will be ready to live."

"The prayer meeting opened with a stum pull, although the very best attention and order prevailed. Nevertheless, faith would not be clouded, but claimed the triumph. While the General yet pleaded, a woman from far down the hall, had left her seat and was coming to the mercy-seat. No sooner was the fact proclaimed, than the audience came back rose almost in a body, and craned forward with curiosity. When a man and then two more women pressed to the front also, the suppressed excitement passed over the crowd. For method, singing, believing and the firing of glad volleys, the prayer-meeting was intensely Army, with Colonel Lawley, in his native tongue, and Commissioner McKie, in his, superbly at home as they pressed on with the struggle."

A happy simile played about the General's face as men and women knelt at the mercy-seat, and a climax of rejoicing was reached when thirteen penitents had crowned the reception."

TUESDAY.

Morning and afternoon was devoted by the General to Staff and Field Officers' Councils. A salvation meeting was announced for the evening.

The Ton-Halle was again gorged from top to bottom before the time announced for the beginning of the meeting.

The astonishing thing to the newcomers was the spirit of freedom—the Blood-and-Fireism—manifesting itself in shouts and hand-clappings, smiles and cheering! During the prayer-meeting, one had to rub one's eyes and open one's ears afresh to get rid of the illusion that all this was taking place in the Army's hall. How true, in its best sense, that God has made all nations to be one people—in the Salvation Army!

It is no praise to say that the General spoke well. He talked as from God.

As the General painted picture after picture, the noble and noble consequences stood out in noonday relief. "If you will not give up your sins," insisted the General, with relentless truth, "you will not be able to see the wounds of Christ are open. Are you too proud? Are you too high and mighty? Do you say, 'I cannot stoop so low? Don't, don't say that!'"

A SCENE OF SURRENDER.

The conviction was intense. Nor did we have to wait long before a man pioneered the way to the penitent-form, with two women from the other side of the hall making for the same spot almost simultaneously. "Where is the fourth?" asked the General, and the fourth was promptly forthcoming. Then another and another walked slowly up the left aisle, one behind the other. Songs of pleading and exultation swept over the building, fishers dauntlessly accosted on every hand, and there was not a slack moment throughout. It was a grand struggle, with magnificent results.

"The General's face shined with holy elation; officers who have known Germany in its darkest days are almost beside themselves with gratitude, and the number of seekers is mounting all the time! Hallelujah ten thousand times over! Highest previous record for souls: Thirty!"

OFFICERS' COUNCILS.

What the public assemblies were, for light and inspiration, that—no infinitely more—were the series of Councils in which the General met and addressed the officers. It was here that were set in motion the springs of ac-

tion and conduct which, after all, will have more to do with the future onward victorious march of the Salvation Army in the Fatherland than everything else put together.

The bond of holy affection existing between these dear F.O.'s and their leaders and General were cemented, and their resolve to push the war and stand true to the Flag deepened.

THE SUMMIT OF VICTORY.

Wednesday culminated in a victory, the like of which has never been known in Germany, and seldom surpassed in any part of the Salvation Army world. The General seems to have taken Berlin by storm. "You have only to throw open the doors of the Ton-Halle, and the fine building fills like magic! You have only to get the General on to the feet, and there is a hushed attention that nothing can break! You have but to invite to the penitent-form, and it rapidly fills with earnest seekers."

And so, at 7.45 to the second—that is, fifteen minutes before the advertised commencement—the electric flashes out, discovering a general congregation in possession of the floor and gallery. Two minutes afterwards the General was making his way through the throng, and received an inspiring welcome.

A Fascinating Sketch.

According to the announcements which had been made, this was to be a Social Meeting. And well did the General keep faith, giving a fascinating sketch. We fancy it could not have been accomplished all that the General hoped in the way of creating sympathy, removing prejudice, and securing prayer and practical assistance. It was already ten minutes past nine when the General, with a great air of relief, turned to the congregation with the remark: "And now, if you please, will make a little personal application," and intense and burning sentences, he went for the souls of the people. The heat and the sweat increased, but they sat it out with amazing patience and endurance.

It was, probably, with mixed feelings that some of the audience faced this practical talk, but that only rendered what followed, and which we cannot adequately portray, the more astonishing. Out walked a man—a voluntary seeker. A woman followed close. The platform rose to their feet and poured forth song. Penitent after penitent walked out, others abruptly stepping over their seats and marching to the front. Things were getting gloriously exciting. Last night's record faded in the light of this. Everybody was beside themselves with joy, the dear General most overjoyed of all, as he paced the platform encouraging the singing and believing. And yet the battle is not quite finished. The hall is supposed to be closed by ten o'clock. Now for a final charge! Ten o'clock: five past. Hurry up! And then, with a shout of triumph, the fortieth was captured for God!

THE FAREWELL.

Next morning the General would quit Berlin for other fields of battle; but for that one evening the German forces and their leader all to themselves, and they were determined to make the most of it, and of him!

This they did with a thoroughness and enthusiasm which must have delighted the faithful veterans. It was a lovely time, and the joy was not a little increased when the General suddenly turned to his interpreter and untiring translator, and announced that he would no longer call him Brigadier, but Lieutenant-Colonel. The house rose in its delight for the Lieutenant-Colonel is greatly loved of his comrades. But the crowning point was at the finish, when

The Pool was Opened.

and those who desired clean hearts or restoration, or any of the heavenly gifts brought to their hearts' door, were given a chance of obtaining what they needed. Quickly a long row of chairs filled; then a second, a third and a fourth. The mighty work was done in the ninety-one minutes; seven hundred officers and soldiers felt like dancing in exultation and gratitude.

OUR HARVEST HYMN.

Brother Sims deserves much credit for the above drawing, as well as for the composition of the music and words of the Harvest Hymn. Both music and words are good. Officers who do not read music can sing the words to the tune of "Stella."

A word of explanation of the hymn may be welcome to our readers. Behind the cross in the centre of the hymn is a rainbow, figurative of promise; as long as the earth remains, its seed time and harvest shall cease. The Sun of Righteousness, with his wings of healing, is pictured as the rainbow. The top border is a symbolical of the fall (apple), and resurrection (the lotus being the flower of the Eastern spring). The figure of the sower implies sowing the seed, and the little vignette at the bottom depicts the reaper with joy.

Major Rolfe, who is in charge of the work in Jamaica, has been promoted to the rank of Brigadier, after 21 years' service.

A week's Salvation Congress has just been concluded. A large number of officers and soldiers took part. The demonstration closed with eighteen souls won for God.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

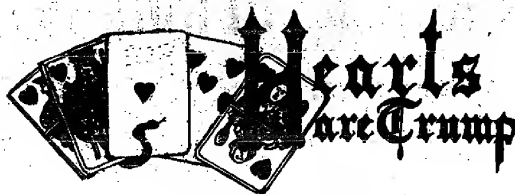
Some important extensions in the Women's Social work increase the need for more Rescue officers. Especially are the services of two or three trained nurses needed. Any Christian or Soldier feeling God's call to thus serve Him, write to Mrs. Brigadier Read, S. A. Temple, Albert street, Toronto.

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(Our Serial.)



A Gambler's Life and Adventures.

CHAPTER VIII.

Obstacles.

KITTY OLIVER was indeed a pretty little creature; there could be little question of that, though the quality and depth of her beauty might be open to some argument.

Mrs. Oliver was a widow with a large family and no other resources than the labor of her own hands and the hands of her eldest son and Kittle. It was to the unremitting labor of these young fellows that the maintenance of the family of younger children was almost wholly due. Kittle earned a fair sum of money each week, but when she first undertook to do so, it was with the understanding that she was to use her money according to her own will.

It was to George Oliver, Kittle's elder brother, that Sher first opened his heart. George, though so young a man, had been long accustomed to responsibility, and the brusqueness of his first question, when Sheridan stammeringly confessed his passion for Kittle, rather startled the latter.

"Well," said George, facing him squarely, "What's the meaning of it all?"

Sher flushed angrily. "The meaning of it is, I love your sister," he answered.

"And you love her enough to marry her?"

Sher started. There was a kind of hidden taunt in such a question, for no thought less honorable had for a moment ever entered his mind. It was of course an easy matter to reassure George on this score, and neither George nor Mrs. Oliver had any objections to Sheridan visiting Kittle, but in view of their youth and short acquaintance, mother and brother alike refused to sanction an engagement between the young people for a time.

Sher's own mother, for the first time in his knowledge, exhibited a profound and consistent judgement, not only refusing her consent to marriage but declining pointblank to meet or even see Kittle, or any member of the family. Like many another easy-going, generally indeterminate person, now she had been shocked Mrs. Decker showed herself obstinate.

Even Charley, to whom Sher now turned for comfort, was a disappointment. If Charley had loved his friend less genuinely he would have assumed more genial indifference, but he loved Sher too deeply to feel anything but sincere concern for him and his future. He could only see in Kittle a frivolous and mischievous girl, pretty beyond a doubt, but of a character that he knew would influence Sher's life only for ill.

Thus Sheridan came to feel that he was alone and ill-treated in his loyal devotion to what he was satisfied was both his own and Kittle's happiness. So sore and disturbed was the boy that after three or four months of this silent antagonism on the part of his own and Kittle's friends, he took a step one day, had it only been fully appreciated, might have led to very different consequences. He called upon the clergyman of his parish and laid bare to him all the soreness of his heart, asking earnestly for counsel and advice.

When Sher had laid his case fully before that gentleman, treated the circumstances with a light good humor and—which was the worst thing he could possibly have done—suggested that Sher put the whole matter aside, because the chances were that in six months he would have forgotten all about it.

CHAPTER IX.

Drinking.

A more unfortunate thing in its results than this interview with the clergyman could not well have been. More than ever Sheridan felt himself flung now altogether upon his own counsel.

The first result was that the boy from that time consistently despised the unfortunate pastor. Out of respect for his mother he continued to attend services, but as far as possible he

withdrew from all contact with the church.

It was at this time that, perhaps quite unconsciously, in longing for his father and the happy freedom of good comradeship that always had existed between them, he fell to reflecting upon his father's sturdy good sense in most material things, and the frank, if usually silent, agnosticism in most things pertaining to the spiritual.

He was sore and sad and lonely; he felt himself misunderstood and misappreciated by everyone—that is, but the one who was more than everyone, by dear Kittle herself. He began to question the sincerity of an all-loving, all-helpful God; he recalled many incidents in his own and other lives that, if they did not argue a Divine Providence out of existence, certainly looked like a most arbitrary and irresponsible conduct of man's affairs.

The accident at the mine, which years ago had impressed his childish imagination, now occurred to him as an instance of the blind and cruel fatality that he began to think ruled the lives of men; in that terrible destruction he seemed now to read only the doctrine of blind chance.

"No, of course you don't know," he went on. "Here's what you know I mean: I'm getting pretty good pay now; let's just end all this beastly uncertainty by going quietly somewhere and getting married!"

They had spoken of this before, but this time Sher pressed the matter seriously upon the girl. The romance of the thing pleased Kittle excessively; she entered into it as "such a joke on everybody," and before they parted it was arranged, as a sort of compromise with conscience, that they were each to urge consent from the two mothers that night, and if consent was still withheld, they were to take matters into their own hands immediately.

CHAPTER X.

Home Clouds.

It was on the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day that the marriage took place, the driver of the cab in which the young people rode to the little, out-of-the-way parsonage and the minister's daughters being the witnesses. In answer to embarrassing questions as to his age Sher lied unconcernedly, and as Kittle was truly eighteen, and looked it, no difficulty was experienced. That evening, summoning Charley to the hotel where Sheridan had taken his bride, the headstrong young couple flung themselves upon poor Charley's loving faith, and he, although full of miserable forebodings for Sher's future happiness, agreed to take the news to the two mothers.

The explosion of wrath that followed was greater even than was feared. Mrs. Decker held her son to be the victim of a designing family, and accompanying Charley to the home of the Olivers, expressed herself to that effect. The result was that Mrs. Oliver and her sons burst forth in denunciations of Kittle, Sher, Sher's mother and Charley, declaring their belief that the girl had been previously debauched.



"KITTY," HE CRIED SUDDENLY, "... LET'S END IT!"

Mrs. Decker was truly unfortunate in her attitude at this time. She failed to arouse herself to the fact that he was no longer a boy in mind or habit of thought. She expressed her sincere internal conviction in refusing to sanction Sheridan's engagement, but she failed to see that for that very reason an unusual consideration were due him from her.

So Sheridan completed his first year of service as accountant in the Improvement Co's office. Young as he was, he was so deft at figures, and by night study had so enlarged his abilities that he was now filling a position of some responsibility. That the Company appreciated this fact was now made evident; the young aspiring Sher was informed that from that time a handsome increase was to be made in his salary.

He walked home with Kittle that evening. This unlooked for good fortune was an added spur to his determination to marry her. Kittle was all smiles, and Sher observing it, felt an impetuous longing to carry her bodily away as his treasure.

"Kittle," he cried suddenly, as they slowly paced the noisy city thoroughfare, "Kittle, darling, let's end it!"

Kittle looked up with startled eyes. "End it? Why, Sher, what do you mean?"

and that marriage was nothing else than a conspiracy.

In vain Charley tried to still the angry tumult; Mrs. Decker's calm, bloodless insouciance had cut deep; she was in her turn denounced with bitterness, and left the house only to inform her son that his wife's family had closed their doors against her.

Mrs. Decker herself had at first been strongly disposed to close her own doors, at least to the objectionable young wife, but now she had been stirred to a resentment of the wrong put upon her son's honor.

The young people took up their abode, therefore, in the Decker apartment. Kittle was pleasantly situated, for Sher's mother was generous, Sher was devoted, her time was largely her own and altogether she thought herself very happy.

That which aroused a sense of anxiety in Sher was the fact that, though they did not quarrel, his wife and his mother did not "take to each other," as the phrase is, after the fashion he would have wished.

Undoubtedly his mother was a strangely undemonstrative woman, and the house was very dull and wearisome to Kittle during the long day when he was down town. For some months Kittle came down every day and they went to lunch together; but when,

after a time, Kittle was held more and more closely at home, Sheridan began to realize more the lukewarm formality between the two women who were so dear to him.

Kittle, too, was now oftentimes peevish, and on several occasions complained that Mrs. Decker, in that madly quiet way of hers, superintended her in diet, clothing, actions, etc., as if Kittle herself were a baby.

Though Sher said nothing to his mother, he began to ponder over a little home of his own and to figure on its comfortable possibilities.

(To be continued.)

Toronto to the S. A. International Headquarters.

NOTES OF THE VOYAGE.



YOU be an Army man, I believe," said a rugged-looking old gent to me on the second day after leaving Montreal. We had a good talk together and I found that the old warrior was a blood-and-fire Christian.

Taking a worn Bible from his pocket, with great pride he told me he had just been getting his soul blessed.

The perspiration flowed freely as I lay in my cabin the first night. On waking in the morning the weather had become very cold, so much so that my top coat was quite a boon. A young fellow this morning kindly handed me a cigar, and seemed astonished when I told him I had not touched tobacco for thirteen years.

A most fraternal spirit prevails among all passengers. We have things generally in common. There is a great number of Christ's followers aboard.

Friday, July 29.—As I write a thunderstorm is raging. We have just passed Father Point, and the pilot has gone ashore. In the distance an Allan liner is passing us. The officials are extremely cautious. My roommate has seen a lot of the Salvation Army in Johannesburg, South Africa, and believes in it very much. The "Vancouver," of the Dominion Line, passed us to-day, going inward. Flares were dipped on both vessels. A fellow-passenger, who is a disbeliever in God, is also a Socialist. His hobby is to get into argument with the passengers. How wise and timely is our dear General's advice not to waste time and breath on useless arguments! What can Socialism do compared with Salvation? ...I have just met a passenger afflicted similarly to myself. Sickness abounds everywhere. I thank God for the land where no pain exists.

Just found out that there is no less than five reverends aboard in the saloon. Something good ought to happen on Sunday....I was just getting into bed to-night when I heard quite a discussion in the second cabin. The talk was about the souls of the Chinese, and a bumptious fellow was talking about the great need of converting the heathen at home, saying it was foolish to send out missionaries. I could not stand it, and, going into the cabin, questioned him about his own soul. To my utter astonishment he personally knew nothing about practical religion. With heavy and smoky breath, he admitted his disbelief in the Bible and was the laughing-stock of all the company.

(To be Continued.)

SPECIAL.

Glorious day at Lisgar street Sunday meetings, led by Staff-Captain Hargrave. Crowds and finances good. Four for salvation at night, one of whom was a Junior, who led the way to the cross. Harvest Festival booming.

YOU??

Two or three trained nurses wanted for officers of the Women's Social work of this territory. Write at once to Brigadier Mrs. Read, S. A. Temple, Albert street, Toronto.



Short but Sweet.

LONDON.—Four souls saved Sunday. good meetings.—T. Coombs, Adjt.

CARLETON.—Had Ensign Perry with us last week. The meeting announced was an object meeting. The Ensign did his part well and pleaded as he always does with the sinners.—Laura Selig, Lieut.

VALLEY CITY.—The authorities are trying to get us off the streets with our open-air, but we are here for victory.—J. S. Flaws, Lieut.

HOULTON.—One soul in the Fountain this week. Wednesday quite a number of us went to Woodstock. Thursday Adjt. McLean and the Woodstock people returned our call.—Emily White, Corps Cor.

YARMOUTH.—Adjt. and Mrs. Miller are now in charge and have already got well hold of the work. Sunday had good meetings all day and at night finished with five souls at the Saviour's feet.—A. B. H.

MINOT.—We are in for victory, and by God's help we will have it. We are busy planning for Harvest Festival.—A. Graham, Capt.

OKAES.—The town is almost deserted. Comrades away harvesting, but times are improving, crowds interesting, good spirit prevailing, some under conviction. Path for H. F. O. K.—Lieut. Herringshaw.

LISBON.—The people here on the prairies are very busy harvesting the beautiful fields of golden grain, so it's hard to get them just now interested in their souls' welfare. However, we are determined to do our utmost to persuade them.—J. F. Westcott, Capt.

MONTREAL L.—At knee-drill one backslider found salvation. Holiness and afternoon meetings also a real blessed time, and wound up at night with seven seeking souls. Monday night two more wanderers came back. At Roll Call several of our newly-converted comrades were present and testified. Thursday night the subject of the meeting was "The opening of the devil's stocking." The contents were some of the allurements used by the devil in enticing the unwary into his clutches. The crowds are beginning to come again and collections good.—C. Harding, R. C.

The Life Guards Heard From.

RAT PORTAGE.—The Life Guards Band finished up their camp meetings at Rat Portage. Truly all places in our travels, this is the gem. Beautiful weather along with all the facilities for boating which the Lake of the Woods offered, made our stay of ten days not only of spiritual but much physical benefit. Yes, a ten-days mixture of soul-saving, boating, fishing, berry-picking, Prodigal Son and Musical Meetings with a Hallelujah Wedding for a bumping good finish, kept things at a bubbling over pitch. Such a conglomeration of special events Rat Portage has never before seen. Captain Wilkins, who has been in charge here for the last eleven months, has taken unto himself another half—a decidedly better half—to help him in his future chasing of devils. In all God blessed us over and over again and gladdened our eyes with fifteen souls. Hallelujah! I believe our series of Camp Meetings has been the means of helping and cheering and strengthening soldiers, officers and converts in all places in which we have labored. Blessed be God!—Kell.

HALIFAX II.—Brigadier Margreth, the Territorial Secretary, accompanied by Brigadier Pugmire, our Provincial Officer, led a great united meeting here on Saturday night. As far as welcome and lots of enthusiasm I think the Brigadiers will feel satisfied with No. 2. Veno brought the house down by jumping up across the two Brigadiers' shoulders and putting one arm around each neck. Nobody surrendered, but a great impression was left behind. Sunday was a good day. Everyone seemed to have liberty. Ex-Captain Gray gave her experience in the after-

noon. And at night, after a long-fought prayer meeting, one dear lad came out and professed salvation. Finances best for three months.—G. P. Thompson.

JAMESTOWN.—Capt. Orr with us Wednesday and Thursday nights. High old time the latter night. Father Burk came back and found a prodigious welcome. We are all so thankful to see Dad carrying the colors again. Capt. Malyon with us Friday night. Good time. Saturday night re-opening of the old hall. Many of our comrades first found Jesus in this hall, and it was a special time of rejoicing to them. Good crowds. Good meetings all day Sunday, and one soul at the Cross.—Trifortia.

Dusted.

PALMERSTON.—Our officers are busy collecting. The Captain wheeling to Mount Forest. Returning almost got smothered in the dust, but all the same she is in for striking the target, which is 555.—Scott Cowan, Treas.

BONAVISTA.—Since last report one soul has been to the Fountain. War Crys all sold this week.—E. Brace, Capt.



CAPT. WELCH and LIEUT. MARTIN, Florence of St. George's Corps, Bermuda.

DRAWTON.—Last Thursday night we had with us Adjt. and Mrs. Webb, from Pennsylvania, U. S. A., who were resting here. The Adjutant gave us a graphophone service. We also had with us Candidate Kemple, from Toronto. Sunday morning we had eight out to knee-drill, which is good seeing we are only eighteen strong here. In the afternoon one sister volunteered out for salvation. Soldiers expect to smash H. F. bull's-eye.—H. Liston, Capt.

LISTOWELL.—We are right into Harvest Festival, and are going to do our best. Sunday, meetings were good.

WOODSTOCK, N. B.—Adjt. McLean at Woodstock, N. B. Good crowd in open-air. Blood-and-Fire meeting inside. Three souls saved. Salvation picnic next day. Good time. No tomfoolery or hollow howl about it. Common sense arrangements and straight salvation.—M.

Forsake the Juniper Tree.

BURLINGTON PLAINS.—Dear old War Cry, your pages I have a chance of reading again. I am not dead nor backslidden, but like poor Elijah, a-fraid of Jezabel, went under the juniper tree. The angel of the Lord has touched me and strengthened me. Arise up and be doing. Go to Hamilton once in a while. Gave my subscription to Capt. White. After six weeks patiently waiting, the Cry has arrived. has been a blessing to me. Going in to

boom the Cry, praying God it may be a blessing to others. W. P. B. is in sight. Will stop for this time.—John Murchison, Freeman P. O., Ont.

They Bless the Band.

POINT ST. CHARLES.—Sunday we had a very good time, but no one got saved. Monday night we had an ice cream social. The building was literally packed. Brigadier Bennett, Staff-Capt. Rawling, Adjt. Burditt and Roberge, Ensign Collier, Capt. King and Cheley and Lieut. Hoarns, the No. 1 Brass Band are worthy of our best blessing. Twice within one month they have helped us.

PETERBORO.—Another week God has blessed and helped us in our efforts to save souls. Adjt. Alkenhead has already won the hearts of the people. Four souls for the day.—May Lang.

ST. JOHNS, Nfld.—We are making a little headway at No. 2. The past week souls have been saved. The meetings are beautiful. We also have good open-air meetings in the Cove, where some hundreds listen.—Albert H. Cook, Cor.

OSHAWA.—Thursday one backslider volunteered to obey God. Sunday morning a prodigal returned.—Eunice, Cor.

KINGSTON.—We had Capt. Green in to our J. S. bolliness meeting on Sunday morning. The children and Sergeants are getting interested in the H. F. Our target shall be reached.—Katie.

Ta ta!

BLENHHEIM.—A good crowd Sunday night and a blessed time with one soul, a new case. The writer congratulates the new Editor on the excellent get-up of his first issue of the Cry.—Ira Groom, for Lieut. Bonny.

LETHBRIDGE.—Just had a visit from Ensign Cunningham for the week-end. The meetings were well attended, especially the lantern service. One man pronounced it the best he had ever seen. Tuesday night we had some selections from the graphophone. The meetings were a financial success. All the opening expenses have been cleared off, which were over \$20, and a host of all souls have been saved.—Annie Hurst, Capt.

SOCIAL FARM.—Sunday afternoon Sergt. Delahunty took charge of the corps for a month. He is an accepted Candidate for the work. In the evening Adjt. Dodd told us it was the anniversary of his third year as Governor of the Social Farm. In these three years 266 men had come here, many of whom had left in a far better state spiritually, financially, and physically. A few of those who had lived longest on the place gave bright testimonials.—Chas. G. Godin.

Too Hot for Two.

VANCOUVER.—Very warm weather here just now, hottest for many years. Had two backsliders out Sunday. There are so many of them here.—Sergt. O. Connor.

THEDFORD.—Had visit from Capt. Collier Saturday night and Sunday. Lantern service much appreciated. On Sunday night a poor backslider was reconsecrated to God.—T. Ford, R. C.

SUDBURY.—H. F. is before us and we are following close after. The comrades are well up in this particular part, and we are bound to make it a "go".—Nicholas R. Trelekey.

OTTAWA.—Bandsman Deakin has said good-bye and left for the Field. Ensign Sims with lantern and graphophone has been with us in the interest of the G. B. M. Grand holiness meeting on Sunday. In the evening we warmly welcomed Capt. Currie, who is on a rest back to Ottawa.—A. French, Cor.

WINNIPEG.—Since last report eleven souls have been to Jesus for pardon. The attendance is very good, both in the barracks and open-air. Last Saturday evening while the Cadets were

selling War Crys in the hotels, they met a young man who had once loved God, but who had been led astray. The Cadets directed him to the open-air meeting. One of the soldiers brought him to the barracks, where he came to the penitent form. He came out to all the meetings on Sunday, giving a clear testimony.—Touris in the war, Cadet Russell, for Staff-Captain Galt.

Twenty Souls.

HALIFAX I.—Brigadiers Margreth and Pugmire held special meetings at Dartmouth and both the city corps. Good crowds, and about twenty souls seeking their heartfelt needs. May the Lord bless the Brigadiers, who have been of much blessing and inspiration to us. The infant child of Adjt. and Mrs. McGillivray was dedicated by Brigadier Margreth to God and the Army.—Treas. Casbin.

GUELPH.—H. F. targets are fixed: Band \$10, League of Mercy \$8, Sergeants \$7.50, Soldiers \$7.50, Juniors \$5, Officers \$20. Now for pull altogether against each other, for each other, for the world's salvation. The liquor traffic is backed by money, and nearly every invention of Hell also. Now for the raising of some for the work of God. Guelph soldiers are at it.—Ensign McKenzie.

BROCKVILLE.—Another good case of conversion, and not a few are catching the Pentecostal flame. We have launched our H. F. scheme, both here and at outpost.—E. Latimer, Lieut., for Ensign Burrows.

CLINTON.—Thursday night we had Major and Mrs. Southall with us. A beautiful time was spent together. Sunday afternoon Rev. Mr. Wade (a great friend of our dear Army) spoke at our meeting.—Ida Bezzo, Reg. Cor.

HELENA.—The ice cream and cake social on Saturday night was a grand success. Net receipts were about \$20. Glorious meeting all day on Sunday. One dear brother was reclaimed. Soldiers turn out well to all meetings. Big crowds around the open-air and inside meetings. Collections are good.—E. H. Wickersham, for Adjt. Woodruff.

Go for it

GALT.—Capt. Stubbs, who on account of his health was obliged to retire from Field work, assisted nobly. Sunday meetings were of the old style. Father Webb was in his old place at the front of the march, testified in the open-air. He said he had been attending church but felt he was in a box, but with others he was going to get back into the good old ship. Ensign Scott and Capt. Patterson are not very big and strong, but are determined to drive the devil out. They are making the War Crys hustle in proper style. Wednesday night open-air was a hot one. Big crowd. Devil alive. One soul at the drumhead.—Joe.

BOWMANVILLE.—We have received a good welcome here and have already had four souls at the Cross. Comrades are taking hold of H. F. with all their might.—Yours, Ensign and Mrs. Jones.

NORTH SYDNEY.—The last good-bye has been spoken and our dear officers, Adjutant and Mrs. Miller and Captain McLeod have left our midst. Though strong in body, they labored faithfully amongst us, and the Lord blessed their efforts, as may be seen in the smiling faces of the new soldiers on the platform. The organ misses Captain McLeod, and the Juniors miss dear little Joy Miller. May the Lord bless them all. In some respects the parting was a sad one. Sergt. Jennie McQuibben, who came here with Adjt. and Mrs. Miller, lay at the point of death for some time. She recovered enough, however, to be removed to her home. Every comrade please pray that the Lord will raise her up again. She was a great War Cry seller and loved to work for God. Ensign and Mrs. Crichton and Captain Bradbury have arrived and we welcome them heartily to the corps. The summer devil is very much alive just now, but we are in for victory.—Minnie MacKenzie, Reg. Cor.

Harry Hustler's Happy Hunting Ground.

TERRITORIAL CHAMPION, CAPTAIN HORWOOD, CHARLOTTE-TOWN, EASTERN PROVINCE, 201.

Gaskin Still Ahead and Bound to Keep There—Fugaire and Bennett Even—Which Will Win—Howell Sick.

PROVINCIAL CHAMPIONS.

West Ontario Province	Capt. Hillman	269
East Ontario Province	Capt. L. Wilson	193
Pacific Province	Candidate Betts, Butte	128
Central Ontario Province	Sister Carroll, Temple	125
Northwest Province	Mrs. Adj. Gale and Sergt. Gilles	80
Newfoundland	Sister J. Liebson, St. John's II.	60

On account of limited space, we cannot give the names of hustlers who sell less than twenty copies. Keep on, ye beginners, and soon you will be in the list again.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

52 Hustlers.

Sister Correll, Temple	123
Sister Medlock, Temple	80
Lieut. M. Howcroft, Parry Sound	65
Lieut. Russell, Collingwood	63
Lieut. Wadger, Riverside	63
Capt. Clink, Collingwood	60
Cand. Peacock, Barrie	60
Sister Pearce, Temple	55
Ensign Fox, St. Catharines	55
Lieut. Matthews, Sudbury	54
Rosa Tomlin, Newmarket	52
Lieut. Cornish, Hamilton II.	50
Lieut. Marshall, Oshawa	50
Bro. Young, Temple	50
Bro. Dixon, Temple	50
S. M. Bowers, Lisgar street	49
S. M. Reall, St. Catharines	47
Ensign Jones, Bowmanville	46
Lieut. Mainland, North Bay	44
Capt. Stouffer, Oshawa	40
Lieut. Jackson, Oshawa	40
Ensign W. Smith, Owen Sound	39
Capt. McCann, North Bay	38
Capt. Brant, Dovercourt	35
Capt. Creamer, Midland	35
Ensign Cameron, Riverside	31
Bro. Colvert, Bracebridge	30
S. M. Bowdler, Lisgar street	30
Sister Harvey, Temple	30
Capt. J. Howcroft, Parry Sound	30
Adj. Byers, Barrie	30
Lieut. Capper, Barrie	30
Mrs. Payne, Bowmanville	29
Lieut. Cairns, Lisgar street	29
Lieut. Kivell, Owen Sound	28
Chas. Goodwin, Sarnia	28
Sergt. Mrs. Stevens, St. Catharines	27
Mrs. Henry, Newmarket	25
Lieut. Fisher, Uxbridge	25
Capt. Culbert, Uxbridge	25
Capt. Wilson, Gravenhurst	25
Lieut. Northcott, Gravenhurst	25
Capt. O'Neill, Huntsville	25
Sergt. Annie Stickells, Lisgar street	25
Sister Murdoch, Orillia	24
Sergt. Minnie Stickells	22
Mrs. Ensign Gavel, Orillia	22
Sergt. Wm. Stevens, Riverside	22
Sergt. Small, St. Catharines	21
Mother Gilbert, Bowmanville	20
S. M. Bradley, Temple	20

The Central Province keeps ahead and Gaskin is not going to give anyone the sheet of a chance to get ahead of him. Still, both Bennett and Fugaire are after his scalp; they are only a little way behind.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

46 Hustlers.

Capt. Horwood, Charlottetown	201
Sergt.-Major Vero, Halifax II.	120
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III.	100
Capt. Allen, Westville	90
J. S. Chas, Vaughan	85
Capt. Annie Harle, Sussex	85
Capt. Hayman, Halifax I.	80
Sergt. Annie Ramsey, Bridgetown, average 2 weeks	70
Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton	65
Capt. Wilson, Sydney Mines, av. 2 weeks	65
Lieut. Selig, Carleton	65
Lieut. J. Green, St. John III.	60
Mrs. Adj. McGilivray, Halifax I.	59
Sister Addie Green, Fredericton	56
Lieut. Randall, Arnprior, av. 2 weeks	53
Sergt.-Major Morrison, Glace Bay	50
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, St. John II.	50
Capt. J. Bowering, Glace Bay	46
Lieut. Hinson, Westville	47
Bro. George Wambole, Halifax I.	43
Lieut. Miller, Annapolis	43
Mrs. Capt. Brindley, Campbellford, av. 2 weeks	40
Mrs. Gregory, Fredericton	40
Capt. Stanforth, Arnprior, av. 2 weeks	40
Lieut. Mutton, Fredericton, av. 2 weeks	39

"I wonder where Sergeant Boomer is to-night. I have to stay in, and hoped to have a good time reading the War Cry—and it has not come yet."

The east shows up well this week in comparison, and it Fugaire only would he could knock out Gaskin. Fancy only six hustlers behind. Wake up, Easterners. If you don't mind, Bennett will get ahead of you with a spurt.

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

45 Hustlers.

Capt. L. Wilson, St. Alban's	203
Lieut. McFarlane, Napanee	170
Capt. McHanny, Newport	124
Sergt. Perkins, Barrie	120
Capt. French, Peterboro	105
Sergt. Dudley, Ottawa	105

Ensign Walker, Belleville	86
Bro. Barret, Montreal I.	76
Mrs. Capt. Bearehell, Prescott	66
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	65
Lieut. Latimer, Rockville	65
Capt. A. Reid, Coaticook	67
Bro. Horsey, Barrie	55
Bro. Rodgers, Montreal I.	55
Lieut. Norman, Quebec	56
Capt. Ward, Montreal II.	58
Mrs. Adj. Bradley, Cornwall	50
Mrs. Blackburn, Picton	46
Lieut. Tracey, Montreal II.	45
Mrs. Miller, Peterboro	45
Mrs. Ensign Walker, Belleville	45
Sister Yake, Ottawa	44
Adj. Bradley, Cornwall	42
Adj. Goodwin, Ottawa	42
Capt. Chappell, Deseronto	41
Dora, Deseronto	40
Capt. Greene, Kingston	40
Mrs. Adj. McAmmond, Kingston	35
Cadet Downey, Kingston	30
Sergt. Mrs. Summers, Kingston	30
Sergt. Mattice, Cornwall	30
Mother Lewis, Montreal I.	30
Sister Crozier, Montreal I.	30
Lieut. Dora, Kingston	28
Mary Stigard, Kingston	25
Sergt. Douglas, Cornwall	25
Lieut. Hearne, Montreal I.	25
Mrs. Green, Peterboro	25

Capt. Fell, Palmerston	45
Mrs. Ensign McKenzie, Guelph	42
S. M. Scott, Guelph	42
Capt. F. Burton, Windsor	42
Ensign Dean, Berlin	40
Lieut. Blodgett, Berlin	40
Lieut. Capeman, Clinton	38
Sergt. Palmer, London	35
Bro. Band, Listowel	35
Sec. Eva Waller, Berlin, av. 2 weeks	35
Annie Hampton, St. Thomas	34
Ensign Jennings, Chatham	33
Mrs. Taylor, Chatham	32
Sister Fritchley, Listowel	32
Lieut. Hudson, Chatham	30
Mary Shuster, Berlin	30
S. M. Mrs. England, Chatham	28
Capt. Brown, Drayton	28
Mrs. Goodchild, St. Thomas	25
Lieut. Munford, Palmerston	25
Sister Tremain, Hespeler	25
Annie Thompson, Sarnia	25
Carrie Keeler, Windsor	25
Francis Yeo, Windsor	24
S. M. Cook, Clinton	23
Ensign McKenzie, Guelph	20
Sergt. Carley, Ridgeway	20

You have some splendid boomers, Southall, and sales show well up, although the East has the champion this week. Only eight more hustlers would bring you even with the East. Shall it be?

NORTHWEST PROVINCE.

21 Hustlers.

Mrs. Adj. Gale, Rat Portage	50
Sergt. McGillis, Port Arthur	49
Lieut. Brander, Grafton	48
Cadet Hanger, Winnipeg	40
Capt. Patterson, Grafton	40
Lieut. Bannon, Lithbridge	40
Capt. Belle Le Drew, Jamestown	42
Capt. Tracy, Carberry	40
Capt. Baxter, Winnipeg	40
Cadet Adams, Rat Portage	39
Lieut. Clark, Minot	36
Cadet Reiger, Rat Portage	31
S. M. Chapman, Winnipeg	31
Cadet Forsley, Rat Portage	26
Adj. Macnamara, Jamestown	25
Sarah Crowell, Valley City	25
Cand. M. Hoepfner, Valley City	25
Cand. Anderswood, Rat Portage	23
Sergt. Johanson, Winnipeg	22
Sergt. Sarah Chapman, Winnipeg	21
S. M. Sorel, Winnipeg	20
Sister Potter, Oakes	20

McMillan is affected by the hot weather, and his hustlers are in the hammock. Why, man, you lost nine of them since last week. Don't let Howell get ahead of you. A Scotchman ought to be able to plan a way of success.

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

7 Hustlers.

Cand. Betts, Butte, av. 2 weeks	128
Mrs. Adj. Ayre, Victoria	86
Sister Lewis, Victoria	70
Capt. Southall, Sheridan	62
Capt. Scott, Butte	50
Ensign Stanbury, Butte	38
Sister Mortimer, Victoria	35

Wanted! A patent medicine for Brigadier Howell and his hustlers. There is a fortune in it. Howell's pulse is low this week, but I have hopes to keep him alive. Want to see how well the Pacific can do when once woke up.

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

6 Hustlers.

Sister J. Liston, St. John's II.	60
Cadet J. Foote, St. John's II.	35
Lieut. R. Gainsbury, St. John's II.	35
Lieut. Stickland, Harbor Grace	35
Maudie Preston, Twillingate	22
Capt. Moulton, Clarendville	20

Newfoundland and the Pacific Province are all at sixes and sevens. Still I have faith that even these two critical cases will survive and come out triumphant yet. Newfoundland has a very sharp P.O.

Infidels are opposed to the Bible, because the Bible is opposed to them.

Everybody ought to know that the very best thing he can do is to eat apples just before going to bed. The apple has remarkably emollient and laxative properties. It is an excellent brain food, because it has more phosphoric acid in easily digested shape than any other fruits. It excites the action of the liver, promotes sound and beautiful sleep, and thoroughly disinfects the mouth. It helps the kidney secretions and prevents calculous growths, while it relieves indigestion, and is one of the best preventives known for diseases of the throat. No harm can come to even a delicate system by the eating of ripe and juicy apples before retiring for the night.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

33 Hustlers.

Capt. Hillman, London	260
Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock	210
Ensign Ottawa, Petrolia	144
Adj. Coombs, London	100
Ensign Collett, Stratford	94
Cand. Ringler, Ridgeway	90
Capt. Hays, Stratford	66
Capt. Mathers, Sarnia	63
Lieut. Burrows, Sarnia	62
Capt. Cockrill, Seaforth	62
Mrs. Ensign McHarg, Windsor	50
Sergt. Dearling, Hespeler	50

"A WONDERFUL REVIVAL" IN NORTH AFRICA.

BY MARCELA BORTH-OLDBORN.



AM sure you will be glad to receive news of the remarkable work God has been doing through my dear husband, the Commissioner, during his absence from Holland.

Our last eighteen months here have been a time of extreme difficult struggle, but the Lord has sustained us and sent such outpourings of the Holy Ghost, that lasting spiritual progress has been made. But the strain has sometimes been terribly great. The coming of an old and valued comrade, Colonel Cosens, to help us, made a furlough possible for my dear husband.

God has mightily used my dear husband everywhere during his change of scene and work. The following extracts of letters show how a furlough can be turned to account to help and encourage some solitary toilers, who rarely receive visits of this kind.

The Commissioner visited North Africa, in response to an urgent and unexpected appeal, and the two months spent there, though a time of incessant work, was to him a refreshing change and real rest.

The Army has no stations in Algeria, having its hands sufficiently full of Mohammedan work in other lands.

The friends, with whom my husband has been staying, are members or auxiliaries of our Army, though working independently. They and other missionaries urged him to hold a little Congress for those of them who work on the terrible hard soil of MOHAMMEDANISM.

Fifteen years' experience among Catholics and Muslims on the Continent enabled him a little to specially enter into the immense difficulties of such work.

The Congress lasted five days, and some of the missionaries came from two and even four days' distance.

A French Opinion.

The following appeared in the French paper, "The Upper Room": "God has wrought a really wonderful revival in Algeria, through a series of holiness meetings held by Mr. Cloborn, of the Salvation Army."

A colporteur who attended these meetings writes:

"The Holy Ghost acted upon the hearts present in an extraordinary way. Tears, confessions, and a baptism of the Spirit, such as in a few words the summing up of these meetings."

"Old disputes which had hitherto divided the children of God here, have been laid upon the altar of the Lord. A spirit of life and love is breathing upon us; and it can be said of us, 'See how they love one another!'"

"As for me, I must to the glory of my beloved Saviour, give my testimony of gratitude that all is peace and joy in my heart. It is wonderful, wonderful, wonderful! I now see that the Christian can live the life of Christ down here already, even before he goes to sit at his Heavenly Father's table and be with Him for evermore."

"We heartily unite in the joy of the Christians of Algeria, who have received these great blessings and we say to all our readers: we can also receive similar blessings, if we really want to be cleansed from all sin."

A Major's Testimony.

A Major in our Army (formerly a Christian standing) on rest in Algeria, wrote:

"Dear Marcella, I feel I ought to write you. In my last letter I said I would do my best to influence the Commissioner not to overdo himself. This I attempted the first two days of the Missionary Congress, but there was such a power of Divine Life working in him and through him in each one present, that I felt it should be criminal, and be like 'touching the ark of God' if I interfered. He has been wonderfully carried and sustained. Oh, the power of these meetings! I HAVE NEVER FELT ANYTHING IN SUCH A DEGREE."

The Commissioner was simply inspired. He spoke on Divine Life in all its aspects in every meeting! He lives so near to God and I am sure He will take care of him. As to myself, I cannot thank God enough for having led me here just now."

Miss Trotter, a lady who has worked for ten years with untiring devotion among the Mohammedans, writes: "My dear Marcella, I must send you a few lines to say what a joy, what a

bleasing it is for us to have the Commissioner in our midst. God has blessed him with a power of faith and a measure of the Holy Spirit, such as I have never found, up to the present, in any person.

"I must glorify God in him. God is answering the prayers which for years day after day have ascended to Him. We seem like those that dream. The little rivulet has overflowed and inundated the land."

"God has not let the Commissioner suffer physically. Watering others has been watered. This has become literally true, for the degree of the Spirit, which he has brought among us, has given him renewed vigor and strength. We are so certain that God has sent him here!"

A Missionary's Letter.

A lady missionary writes to a brother in France: "You remember that morning when I read in Malachi, 'The Lord will suddenly come to His temple! Glory to His name! His name is come! While the Commissioner was speaking He came, and the days of my mourning are ended.'"

"The subject that the Commissioner treated, was the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. I RECEIVED IT." He leads the blind in a way that they know not. It is quite the beginning of a new life, a life of simplicity, liberty and power, such as I have never known before. The Commissioner has presided over all the meetings. We have had a great number of testimonials from those who have received new life in Christ."

From my husband: "Just the same intense presence of God as in our camp—convincing, saving, sanctifying. All has been simple and free."

We sing again and again at the close, 'Oh, it is glory in my soul! It was the favorite chorus, as being the most true to fact and feeling."



AN ALGERIAN.

"Oh, if you could only see these Arabs and feel their spiritual darkness—and to think there are 170 millions of Mohammedans!—Oh, it would make you, like me, cry to God for some great spiritual break among them."

"It moves one, the sight of these grand, dark, stately men in their Arabian dress, so reserved, with faces full of meditation. Such men in such darkness! One realizes in contrast with these children of the desert, how a real prayer-answering God is needed! We will show them one!"

"What a patient, plodding, self-sacrificing spirit there is among many of these missionaries. Numbers have left the land, finding Mohammedanism like an iron wall; and then there is the fierce roasting Sirocco in the summer; but others stay on year after year in a spirit of deathless devotion, and their situation is very uncertain. You know that last year they were all within a hair's breadth of being driven out of the country as 'British spies.' Two were massacred in Sfax."

"At the first meeting I was struck by the fact that many had something peculiar in their eyes—a sort of worn, suffering look. Then I saw that ALL had it, and found it was the result of the Sirocco, the hot wind, that comes from the desert as from a furnace. Even now when it blows there is a sort of oppressive Turkish Bath feeling in the air, and everything gets covered with the fine sand dust which it carries. The eyes of the missionaries in some places seldom hold out more than eight or ten years."

My dear husband held meetings for the Arabs in a mosque, which is in the lower part of our friends' Arab house, and nearly every evening some Mohammedans came to the pentest form.

He went also into Kabylia into the mountains, where they speak another language, and had meetings in the villages. The Commissioner was presented with a white woollen Arab "burnous," which had the double advantage of keeping out the cold of the mountains and bringing him a step nearer to the villagers.

God did a blessed work there also. Some devoted missionaries—one of them having a brother an officer with us—wrote me, blessing God for the victories among the natives. They say that seven young converts in one place have openly broken the "Ramadan" fast. This means often danger of life.

One writes: "We hear that the first baptism of the kind, the Ramadan has been made in almost each station."



There are feet and feet. Select that description which fits your feet.

There are ugly feet and beautiful shaped feet.

Some are hidden in silk hose, others are bare.

Some are rosy and some bony and thin.

There are glad feet that skip and sad feet that drag.

There are proud feet that step high and hard as defying their Maker, and humble feet which kiss the ground.

There are generous feet who don't mind how much the walk if they can save a few steps to some tired feet.

There are the neglected feet, that always look around to find some one else to do their own errands.

There are the brave feet that never show their heels to danger or difficulty, but always surmount these.

There are cowardly feet, which turn and flee from responsibility and hardships.

The sympathetic feet never know weariness, but noiselessly find their way to places of sorrow and sadness.

The mean feet only walk in the way that profiteth themselves, heedlessly brushing others in their eagerness to reach the goal of their ambition.

There are the feet of Love, which they nailed to the tree, who walked the rough road from the carpenter's shop, through the weary desert, along the stony highways, doing good unto others. They bruised the carpenter's head and he stung them with cruel nails, tearing the trembling sinners and the quivering nerves with hot pains. Let us kiss these bleeding feet and desire that our feet may resemble them more and more every day.

In a grace before meat few would expect to hear sarcasm, but it is recorded that Cotton Mather, while a guest at a New England inn where, when he and others sat down to breakfast and saw what the menu displayed, he was requested perfunctorily by the landlord to ask a blessing. After a quizzical look up and down the provision table he simply said, "Lord, we ask Thy mercy on these vittals."



The Only Failure.

There is only one real failure in life possible, and that is, not to be true to the best one knows.—Talmage.

Courage.

"Then to side with truth is noble when we share her wretched estate, Ere her cause brings fame and profit and 'tis prosperous to be just? Then it is the brave man chooses while the coward stands aside, Doubting in his abject spirit till his Lord is crucified, And the multitude makes virtue of the faith they had denied."—Lowell.

Sound Doctrine.

We must not regard what or how the world esteems us, so we have the Word pure, and are certain of our doctrine. Hence Christ, in John viii, "Which of you convinceth Me of sin? And if I say the truth, why do you not believe Me?" All the Apostles were most certain of their doctrine; and St. Paul, in special manner, when he says to Timothy, "It is a dear and precious word, that Christ has come into the world to save sinners." The faith towards God in Christ must be sure and steadfast, that they may have solace and make glad the conscience, and put it to rest. When a man has this certainty, he has overcome the serpent; but if he be doubtful of the doctrine, it is for him very dangerous to dispute with the devil.—Luther.

The Power of a Hymn.

A SCOTCH soldier was dying in New Orleans when a Scotch minister came to give him the consolation of the Gospel. The man turned over on his pillow, and said, "Don't talk to me about religion, but sing me only solace and make glad the conscience, and put it to rest. When a man has this certainty, he has overcome the serpent; but if he be doubtful of the doctrine, it is for him very dangerous to dispute with the devil.—Luther."

"Oh, mother, dear Jerusalem, When shall I come to thee?" He sang it to the tune of "Dunadee," which everybody in Scotland knows; and as he began to sing the dying soldier turned over on his pillow and said to the minister, "Where did you learn that?"

"Why," replied the minister, "my mother taught me that."

"So did mine," said the dying Scotch soldier. The very foundation of his heart was upturned, and then and there he yielded himself to Christ.

Oh, the irresistible power of a hymn! Luther's sermons have been forgotten, but his "Judgment Hymn" sings on through the ages.—Christian Scotsman.

What Prayer Can Do.

THE door of the eternal storehouse is hung on one hinge, the hinge of prayer, and when the whole audience lay hold of that door, it must come open. There are many people spending their first Sabbath after some great bereavement. What will your prayer do for them? How will it help the tomb in that man's heart? Here are people who have not been in church before for ten years; what will your prayer do for them by rolling over their soul's holy memories? Here are people in crises of awful temptation. They are in the verge of despair, because of blundering, or theft, or suicide. What will your prayer do for them in the way of giving them strength to resist? Will you be chiefly anxious about the fit of the glove you put to your forehead while you prayed? Will you be chiefly critical of the rhetoric of the pastor's petition? No. No. A thousand people will feel, "That prayer is for me," and at every step of the prayer chains ought to drop off, and the temples of sin ought to crush into dust.

The Scripture lesson is God talking to man. Prayer is man talking to God. Oh, if we understood the grandeur and pathos of this exercise, we would imagine that the room was full of divine and angelic appearances.—Talmage.

Freedom of Conscience.

True holiness puts the possessor where he does not try to lord over the consciences of others. It floods the world with holy light and heat, and its lightnings leap with fury upon error wherever found, but it respects the conscientious convictions of everyone.

**Holiness.**

Tunes.—Blessed Jesus (B.J. 45); Roseau (B.J. 189); Guide me, great Jehovah (B.J. 121).

1 Mighty Saviour, King of Glory,
Turn my darkness into light,
Pursue Thy bleeding wounds before me,
Wash my sin-stained garments
white.
Make me holy,
Give me power for Thee to fight.

Perfect cleansing I am seeking,
That from sin I may be free;
Perfect words Thy Blood is speaking
Giving fellowship with Thee.
Make me holy,
Stamp Thy likeness, Lord, on me.

Make Thy Cross my soul's foundation,
Build a holy life within;
Let Thy Blood that bought salvation
Be the death of every sin.
Make me holy,
Self to lose and souls to win.

Testimony.

Tune.—Let the lower lights be burning.

2 I was once a wretched sinner,
Trav'ling down the road to Hell,
Till I heard of Christ, the Saviour;
Of His love to you I'll tell.

Chorus.

Come, poor sinner, come and join us,
Come to Jesus while you may,
Come and prove His loving kindness,
Come and walk the narrow way.

For my Saviour I am fighting,
In the Army's ranks I'll stay,
In His service I'm delighting,
For I trust in Him each day.

In the Army I'm a soldier,
To the Colors I'll be true;
By God's grace I am made bolder,
'Neath the Yellow, Red and Blue.

For backslider, come and welcome,
To your Father's house to-day;
He is fitting up your mansion,
Now to Him, oh, come away!

D. A.

Free and Easy.

Tune.—Over Jordan (B.J. 17).
3 We are bravely marching on,
In our Saviour's might made strong,
Warring sinners of their wrong,
Hallelujah!
And we march throughout this year
For our Saviour He is near,
Hallelujah!

Chorus.

Up in Heaven, up in Heaven,
We will meet to part no more.

When the fighting here is o'er;
Up in Heaven, up in Heaven,
On that bright and happy shore,
Up in Heaven.

Oh, the devil is so mad,
When he sees us saved and glad;
But we like to make him mad,
Hallelujah!
We have left the way of sin,
And we're trying now to bring
Precious souls to Christ, our King,
Hallelujah!

The old devil he would like
Just to have us leave the fight,
But the war is our delight,
Hallelujah!
We will fight till life is o'er,
Then we'll meet to part no more,
On the happy, golden shore,
Hallelujah!

Sergt. May Long, Peterboro.

For Backsliders.

Tune.—For you I am praying; or, Come back to Erin.

4 Come back to Jesus! He's calling
thee—calling—
Come back again to the Cross of
our Lord!
Come with repentance and heart soft and
tender,
Come home to Jesus—the cross is not
hard.

Come back to Jesus! His arms are ex-
tended,
Come back to Jesus! He's waiting for
thee;
Come in submission to Jesus, your Saviour,
Come and behold Jesus nailed to the
tree.

Come back to Jesus! Oh, list to Him
calling,
"Poor, wandering sinner, oh, come unto
Me!"
Come and be saved in the Salvation
Army.
Jesus is longing for you to be free!

Come back to Jesus! You're sins He
will pardon,
Come back to Jesus and lead a new life,
Jesus will bless you, Jesus will love you,
And guide you safely through this dark
world's strife.

Come back to Jesus! Oh, why will ye
tarry?
Come back to Jesus! His heart longs
for thee;
Come to the Fountain of life-flowing
water,
Come! Jesus calls, saying, "Come unto
Me!"

F. Bruce Carey, Toronto.

The deeper the conviction, the purer
the tears.

Salvation.

Tune.—Oh, let me think of Jesus' love.
5 O sinners, won't you love the Lord,
Who died to set you free;
On Calvary's cross He shed His
blood.

That you might ransom'd be,
Now look and see His wounded side,
And how He pleads for all.
Oh, listen how in vain He sigh'd,
"Father, forgive them all."

Will you not learn to love Him now,
And taste His love so sweet?
In sin you may not long remain,
The Judge you'll have to meet.
You may not live another day,
For time is fleeting fast,
And Satan have you as his prey.
When Mercy's time is past.

He wept and prayed for you,
In tears of agony,
Your sins He bore on Calvary's tree,
To save and set you free.
Oh, come to-night, ere 'tis too late,
His Blood your heart will keep.
As all poor souls did have their fate,
In Hell you will gnash and weep.
Capt. Guneratna, Ceylon.

Tune.—Turn to the Lord (H.M. 45; B.J. 7); S.M. 1, 27.

6 Hark! the Gospel news is sounding,
Christ has suffered on the tree;
Streams of mercy are abounding,
Grace for all is rich and free.
Now, poor sinner, come to Him who died
for thee.

Oh, escape to yonder mountain;
Refuge find in Him to-day;
Christ invites you to the Fountain,
Come and wash your sins away;
Do not tarry, come to Jesus while you
may.

Grace is flowing like a river,
Millions there have been supplied;
Still it flows as fresh as ever,
From the Saviour's wounded side;
None need perish, all may live for Christ
has died.

Christ alone shall be our portion;
Soon we hope to meet above;
Then we'll bathe in the full ocean
Of the great Redeemer's love;
All His fitness we shall then for ever
prove.

Solo.

Tune.—The sidewalks of New York.

7 When I came to Jesus
With my load of sin,
In His loving mercy
Jesus whispered "Peace" within.
Now I'm sweetly trusting
In the Crucified,
Resting on His promise,
I am fully satisfied.

Chorus.

Jesus, Saviour, I am Thine alone,
Trusting in Thy precious Blood,
Which did for me atone.
Naught can e'er befall me
While in Thee I rest;
Keep me ever faithful,
With Thy presence sweetly blest.

Sinner, come to Jesus
With thy load of guilt,
He will freely save you,
For His blood was spilt.
Hear Him gently pleading,
While you still delay,
Hood the invitation,
List, His loving call obey.

L. S. F. Windsor, N. S.

Tune.—Who'll fight for the Lord every-
where?

8 "Lift up your eyes," the Saviour
said,
"The fields with ripened harvest
shine;
Go forth and work, the Gospel spread,
Till on and make the harvest Mine."

The fields are white for harvest still,
And only want the reaper's hand;
God's call attend, obey His will,
No longer shrink from His command.

Hold high the Cross before their eyes,
The Saviour show them hanging there;
Breathe in their ears His piercing cries,
His wondrous love, His dying prayer.

In his new booklet, "Regenerated
London," Dr. Parker, of the City Tem-
ple, says: "I would turn all the great
breweries into training schools, poly-
technics and Salvation Army halls,
and men would be made to feel that
what they suspect as romance was in
very deed the power of God."

An officer of the Salvation Army met
on the Continent the other day, an
atheist who had studied the world's
religions and criticised the social poli-
tics of every civilized country with a
view to discovering an effective scheme
for the relief of the world's suffering.
After years of deep research and close
observation, he said he had come to the
conclusion that the Social Scheme of
the Salvation Army is the best and
most practical in existence.

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